

ROLLING STONE

ACME

MAY 17, 1969

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The Debut of Big Pink

The Swan Song
of Folk Music

Larry Coryell

And Other Trivia





HARON WOLMAN

Larry Coryell—talking, musing, listening, looking.

'JACKIE GLEASON IS REALLY A GREAT MAN'

BY JOHN BURKS

MIAMI—Mike Levesque is 19, he played football for three years at Miami Springs High, he works evening until after 10 at Public's Market, on Hialeah Drive, not far from the racetrack in Hialeah, his suburban hometown. He thinks Jackie Gleason is a great man. And he thinks that people who believe the same things he does—the "silent majority"—ought to be in control instead of letting the "loud minority," the Jim Morrisons and the hippies and the demonstrators, outrage decent folks.

Mike Levesque organized the first Rally for Decency, which was held in Miami hard on the heels of Doors lead singer Jim Morrison's celebrated taffy pull. The idea came to him in a Catholic youth group meeting. "We were discussin' about teenagers and things. And, uh, about how the Doors, you know, had presented their show and everything."

The Miami presentation where Morrison is charged with having dropped his pants. "Yeah," responds Mike Le-

vesque, "and masturbated." That got him to thinking about how young people are misunderstood. "So I said, well, why don't we have the silent majority being heard?"

With the help of the Catholic hierarchy of Florida, Teens for Decency was organized and the Rally for Decency was held (March 23rd at the Orange Bowl: 30,000 people turned out for it) and the rest is history. President Nixon sent a letter of support to Levesque, and three more Decency Rallies have been held, in Enterprise, Alabama; Cincinnati; and a violent one at Baltimore (see the following story).

Levesque, who started the whole thing, has served as advisor to each of these rallies and more that are scheduled.

He has flown to New York twice (paid for once by the NBC *Today* TV show on which he appeared, and once by the Fireman's Union to help set up a Decency Rally still to be held), and he has flown to Seattle, Baltimore, Dayton and Cincinnati—always at somebody else's (businessmen, often) expense

—on behalf of decency. A lot of other cities have asked him to come.

Decency is taking a lot of Levesque's time lately and the question is why he is so involved. He states his case in an even-toned, not especially impassioned way.

Asked what Teens for Decency will do should its constituency reach large enough numbers that it becomes a power base—whether he would seek to make rock and roll performers conform to his standards, for instance—he said: "No, see, we're for some things."

Specifically, Decency consists of "belief in God and that he loves us, love of our country and planet, patriotism, love of our family and those in authority, reverence for one's sexuality, and equality of all men," in Levesque's words.

And does he feel that Jim Morrison and the hippies and the demonstrators are against those things?

"Well, I'm not sayin' that all of them are. I'm not sayin' all hippies are bad. There are a lot of good people with long hair. I'm sayin' that even the guy

who looks clean-shaven, he could be worse than some of them. I'm talkin' about the guy who wants to tear down America instead of buildin' it. And have nothin' constructive to say, but just wanna tear down. And so we're positive, we're for somethin', we're not against anyone or anything. No, we're for what we stand for."

Pressed, Levesque will grant that there are some things the Decency people are against.

"We do want to see a lotta things changed. Indirectly I guess we're against a lotta things. Like I like the Doors' music. And I like a lotta good groups. I mean, I'm not like a guy who just likes Rickie Nelson or somebody like that. I like all these modern groups. But I think when they perform to exploit teenagers they're just going too far. And like tear down schools, I don't think they have a right to do that. Jeopardize everybody else."

Would he restrict those activities?

"I think we stand for the principles and the ideals of the men who built

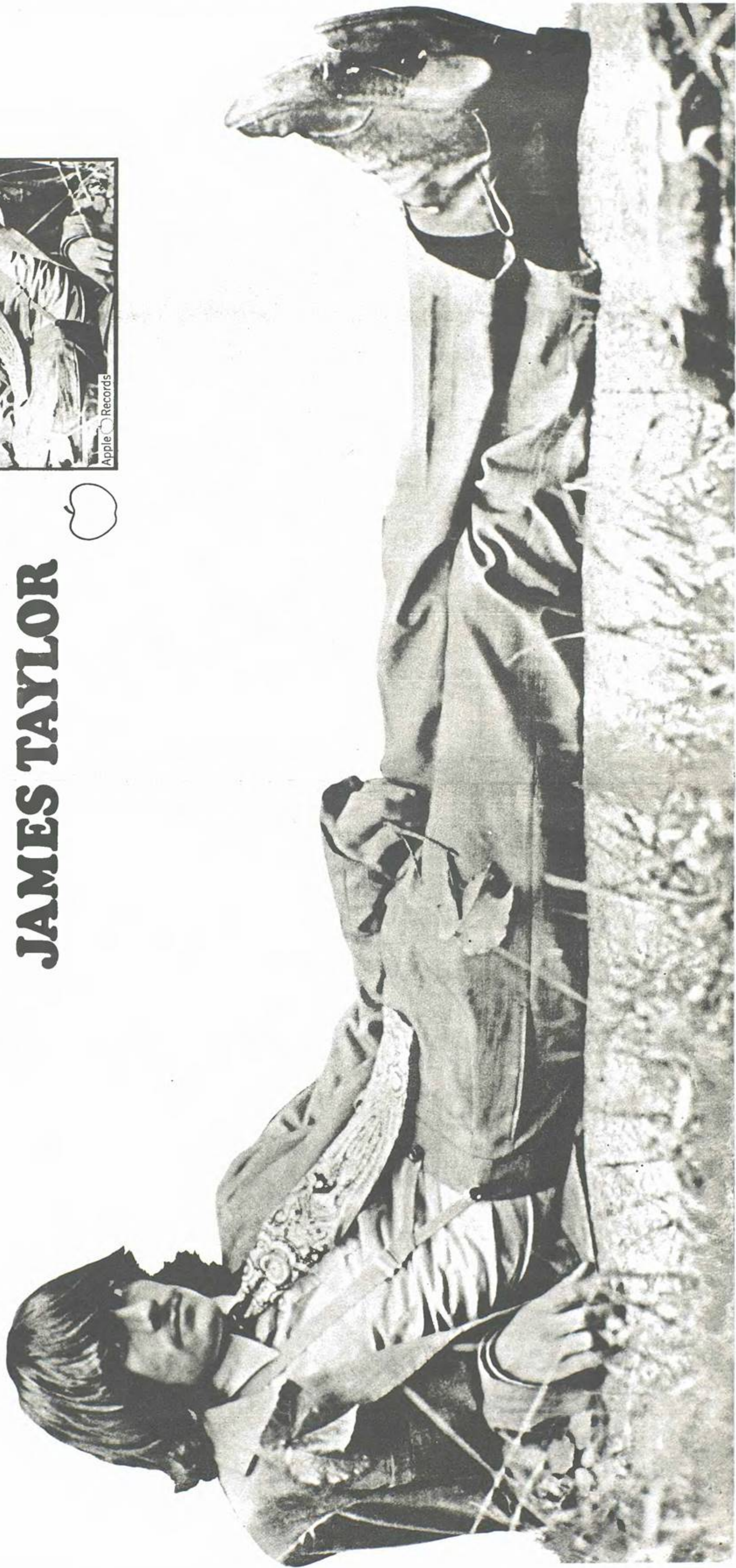
—Continued on Page 6

**"It has been a long time since a record came out
that gives that physical need to play it over
and over until it's absorbed in your bloodstream...
James Taylor has that quality."**

Village Voice

"It knocks me out!" Jon Landau, Rolling Stone

JAMES TAYLOR





STEINHEIMER

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This edition printed on April 23rd for newsstand sales until May 17th.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

In your April 5th issue you had a photo of John and Yoko contemplating on a couch. On the next page was a cartoon of Jesus on the cross entitled "Sometimes he would dream of being a rock and roll star."

If you hold the cartoon up to the light, you will see a geometrically symmetrical connection between Lennon's hand and that of Mr. Christ's, as well as an appropriate correspondence to the whole cartoon. Please answer—was this masterpiece planned?

SANDI SHEPPARD
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I have been unable to purchase *The Two Virgins* by John Lennon and Yoko Ono, because of Cincinnati's middle class morals. I was hoping you at ROLLING STONE would be able to supply me with the name of a place where I could purchase the record. It doesn't matter to me in what part of the country the place is.

NANCY HOWE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Send \$4.00 to Tetragrammaton Records, Beverly Hills, California.—Ed

SIRS:

I am very sorry to note that in the last six issues (at least) there hasn't been a single mention of Grace Slick or the Airplane. Just what's the matter? Why have you consistently left them out in the pretty wide news-coverage you have?

I wish you would at least say what crap they are if that is all the West Coast thinks of them. Do you reckon they are only just good enough to use as a lollipop to attract new subscribers to your magazine? Come on, now, let's have some coverage and some criticisms, please.

PETER HOLMES
LONDON, ENGLAND

SIRS:

Your latest issue of ROLLING STONE (March 15) was the best within recent memory, as it contained not the least trace of Jon Landau. Keep up the good work.

BRUCE KREJCIK
JAMESTOWN, CALIF.

SIRS:

Landau's review of the Byrds in Boston had its thumb solid on what had really happened—the music poured off the stage like honey. God bless ROLLING STONE, the Tea Party and Roger McGuinn—growing up with the Byrds was a high point of my teeny bop years and it's great to see that they survived it too.

BILL COX
ALLSTON, MASS.

SIRS:

I wish, on behalf of many friends and myself, to compliment you on your article *American Revolution 1969*. We feel it is a great step in informing how serious our generation's struggle really is. It brings out valuations and certain situations which the older public readily ignores, in fear of their ideals' becoming a thing of the past. Why can't they realize we are the future holders of this beautiful world, and in time our ideals will be everyone's? Maybe it is just the fact that they have lived through the depression and three wars, and feel there is no peace or love to be brought about any more.

I know you must be confused, receiving a letter of this type from someone in the Marines. But believe me, most of us were just young kids when we came in and mostly uneducated in the plight of our generation. And now that we have become the unsung miserable heroes the politicians think we are, we are actually the ones who believe most strongly against the war. We are the ones who watched our best friends die protecting a little country which won't even try to protect itself; or should I say we are dying to compose a greater epitaph for dead Congressmen of years to come.

I hope everyone realizes now that there are a lot of servicemen waiting to speak out against the war and express their support of our generation. But how can we feel secure enough to do this while a lot of your people do nothing but hassle us, and look on us as a pile of crap? We are human like you, the only difference is that we are in bondage while you are free. Give our minority

half a chance and we can be just as much help on the inside while you work on the outside.

PFC. STEVE CRAIG
CAMP PENDLETON, CALIF.

SIRS:

Your magazine is cool and all that as far as that goes: let us say, *more naked chicks*. You see, my partners and I are in the Federal Joint for smuggling a hundred and twenty-one kilos.

Like the whole scene out there seems to forget the smugglers and dope dealers after they're busted. The whole joint is full of people (men—*more naked chicks*) who have had a lot to do with perpetuating the scene through smuggling and dealing.

True to form this letter is being smuggled out of the joint. Incidentally, to all you Groupies and any other chicks: Happiness is balling an ex-con. You can see the system hasn't changed us.

FRANK, TOM, JOHN, DAVE AND LEE
FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE
LOMPOC, CALIF.

SIRS:

Good to see you down on speed. Word out here is of a move to get the manufacturers to switch their production lines to the new "love drug," MDA (3, 4-methylenedioxy-phenyl-isopropylamine), which has been getting rave reviews. I quote from a pamphlet signed by the "Diggers Chamber of Commerce":

"Super-drug-guru Alexander Shulgin of Dow Chemical and inventor of STP has announced (Med. Pharmacol. Exp. 17, p. 359, 1967) that the same simple syntheses responsible for the flood of poisonous amphetamine can be used to make a completely different drug called 'MDA,' which does not speed, but liberates feelings of love and affection.

"If you can make amphetamine, you can make MDA. Do it, and help speed the extinction of speed. The sequence benzaldehyde, to beta-nitrostyrene, to benzyl methyl ketone (phenyl-acetone) to amphetamine, gives instead MDA when piperonal is substituted for the

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

The British pop paper New Musical Express carries an interview with Janis Joplin, whence this excerpt:

Janis was to have been on the cover of America's Newsweek that week but General Eisenhower's death had elbowed her out. [She was shown the discarded Newsweek cover photo and] in quick succession came a display of pleasure at the way the photo came out and anger at the fact it wouldn't be seen. She grasped it in her hands, stared at it for an instant, stamped her tiny foot bullet-like into the . . . floor and swung a clenched fist skywards. A stream of devastating curses accompanied the action. "God-damit, you mother $\alpha\epsilon\&!!?$ You $\alpha\epsilon\&!!\alpha\epsilon? \epsilon$." And swinging 'round to appeal to the gathering: "Fourteen heart attacks and he had to die in my week. In MY week."

From a Columbia Records press release dated April 7th, 1969, and entitled "Victory in Sight for Columbia's 'Revolutionaries'," we herewith reprint selected paragraphs and see no need for comment:

"Columbia Records' 'Revolutionaries' program, only scheduled from January through March, is being extended through April by field demand. The program's astounding success to date has forced the label to continue the campaign, which has been one of the most successful in Columbia's history and is even exceeding the success of Columbia's 'Rock Machine' promotion of last year.

"The 'Revolutionaries' campaign is an all-out merchandising program on Columbia's rock album product and has served as the launching pad for a number of outstanding contemporary artists who have debuted on Columbia in the past three months. Many of them are established artists who have already proven their product on other labels.

"The 'Revolutionaries' campaign itself has been receiving tremendous retailer and rack-jobber response. The air play on the product has been fabulous, and the sales have been pushing the albums up the charts. Ads have been placed in national and local publications, and on the local level, display material has received great dealer and rack-jobber acceptance and use. These have been special 'Revolutionaries' display racks, window streamers and posters."

Miss Mercy, the Tugboat Annie of the GTOs, has been arrested on her first dope charge of the year—something to do with possession of paraphernalia.

She was arrested with three others while sitting in a car parked in the Laurel Canyon section of Los Angeles, but the others were not booked. Mercy was released on \$500 bail after a week in the pokey (honest—a full week) and comes to trial later this month.

At the same time, Miss Christine, the GTO who describes herself as the "intellectual, frigid housekeeper" on Frank Zappa's new album *Uncle Meat*, was reported bed-ridden with hepatitis.

Just like the Super Stars.

Our people in Japan report the following: *After Bathing At Baxter's* came out in Japan thanks to the Large World record label. But just how far it will go toward erasing any communication gap between the two cultures is open to question: "The Ellad of You & Me & Pooneil," "Young Girl Runday Blues," "A Small Package Of Value Will Come To You, Rhortly," and "The Mar Ir Over." Sounds the same as the original RCA release, though.

Pacific Gas & Electric, Los Angeles-based blues band on the Bright Orange label, has been barred from performing in Canada for a period of five years—because the group's lead guitarist told the truth about using marijuana. When the five members of PG&E arrived at the border en route to the Electric Circus in Toronto, each was asked: "Do you now, or have you ever used drugs?" All said no except Glen Schwartz, who claimed he had smoked grass up to a period about six months earlier. He added that he had given it up, however, and never would use it again.

"Glen's on a Christianity trip,"

PG&E's manager Harvey Kresky explained. "He won't lie to anyone. He doesn't smoke dope any more. He honestly doesn't. But if somebody asks him if he used it smoke it, why sure, he tells the truth. He just won't lie." Canadian border authorities passed the others in the band, but Schwartz was told he could not enter Canada for a period of five years—a term apparently customary in cases such as this. Owners of the Electric Circus pled with customs on PG&E's behalf, but the gig had to be cancelled. The group didn't want to play with a pick-up guitarist.

Gram Parsons of the Flying Burrito Brothers makes this prediction: "This is the year Jesus will make the Top Ten."

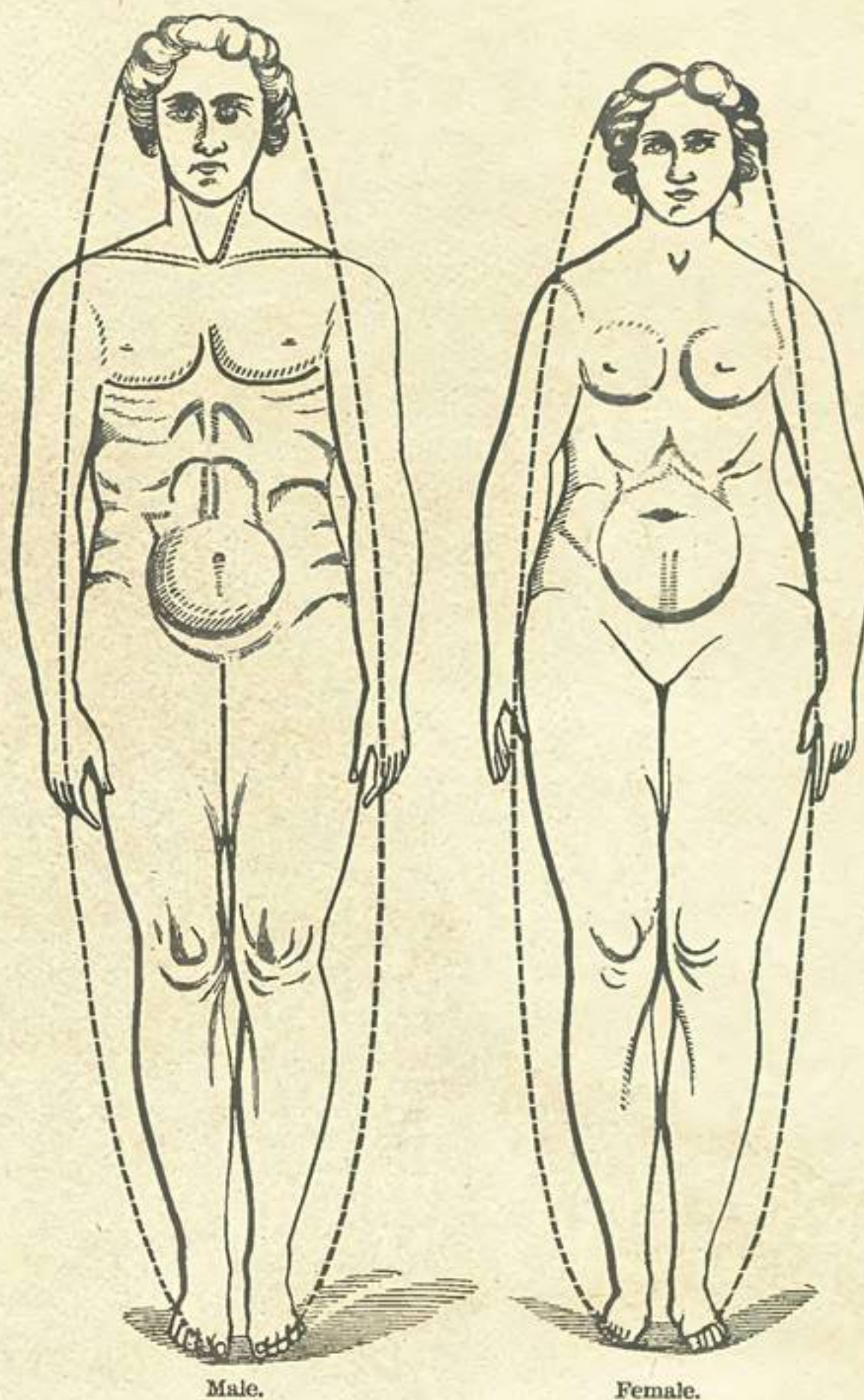
You may never have heard of San Luis Obispo, California, and in a minute you may never want to again. The local freaks in this little town, halfway between LA and San Francisco, gave a Be-In at a state park April 13th which drew about 500. At 5:30, on the strength of a Deputy's report that he overheard someone saying, "If the police move in on us, we will revert to violence," the crowd was suddenly given two minutes to disperse. In fact, the first arrest was made in 15 seconds. The usual consequences ensued: freaks were dragged into paddy wagons as news photographers' cameras were obstructed or, in one case, rammed into the photog's face. To top it off, a DJ from the local FM station was fired the next day for "bad community relations"; i.e., being there. All but two of the other hip jocks walked off in support, and there you are again, right back where we started: San Luis Obispo.

Married: Nancy Larsen, ROLLING STONE editorial assistant, and John (Toad) Andrews, lead guitarist with Mother Earth, in San Francisco, April 19. The ceremony was tasty and brief—the bride luminous in a long white daisy organza gown and broad-brimmed straw hat straight out of *Gone With the Wind*—followed by a reception at the St. Francis Hotel. Champagne was served, introductions were made, champagne was served, the Golden Toad (a bagpipe and introductions were made, champagne was served, the wedding cake was cut, champagne was served. The afternoon ended merrily if somewhat vaguely. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are honeymooning in Mazatlan, Mexico.

French Film Notes: The French film censor board has nixed *Revolution, The Trip* and Andre Michaux's *Images d'un Monde Visionnaire* for having drug themes; but, for some reason passed Roboks' *Chappaqua*, which is about addiction. (Several pix with marijuana bits were passed, as being only "passing aspects" and not a major theme.) . . . Speaking of revolution, Jean-Luc-Godard's next movie will be written by Daniel Cohn-Bendit, "Danny the Red" of the Paris student riots. The proceeds are going to the international student movement, so it's being written to be a boxoffice smash—a western, *Wind from the East*, complete with barroom gun-fighting. Except that the plot is about a miners' strike in a frontier town (crooked sheriff and banker and all): the miners take to the hills *a la Fidel*, and eventually win out. In the cast will be revolutionist actor Gian Maria Volonte, Anna Wiasemsky (Mrs. Godard), and Vanessa Redgrave (if she can do the scenes without undue physical strain—she is pregnant). Godard's new financial backer is Angelo Rizzoli's Cine-riz Distribution Associates—as of this film, Carlo Ponti begged off, saying, "In five previous films with Godard, I lost \$2 million and ten years of health." Filming starts May 5th.

The San Francisco improvisational satire company, The Committee, will go into battle starting this fall on ABC-TV when they'll be placed opposite Rowan & Martin's "Laugh-In." The plan is that they will get the ratings and Rowan & Martin will collapse in a heap of broken yucks. Such is the warfare of prime time TV. The good part is this: The Commit-

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Male.

Female.

COMPARISON OF MALE AND FEMALE.

LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3

benzaldehyde. Even simpler is the procedure from iso-safrole according to Fujisawa (Chemical Abstracts 52, 1195b, (1958)).

They also quote from Shulgin's article that the MDA does not (at doses of 100 mg.) cause bad physical symptoms, disturbed thought, or visual hallucinations, but it did create a strong "three-dimensionality" when listening to music, as also occurs with hallucinogens like LSD. At the present time it is apparently not illegal to prepare, possess, or to conduct animal experiments with MDA, but as an experimental drug it should not be administered to humans without FDA approval of the research.

S. K.
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

In your March 1 article "A Tough Month to be a Head," you stated that Amsterdam was all wine, seeds and stems. It is all that and even more. The cops won't bother you if you smoke dope or do whatever you're doing as long as you do it without attracting too much attention.

Amsterdam is most likely the hippest city in all of Western Europe. The chicks are very beautiful and it's so damn easy to cop anything from smoke to smack.

The dealers are mostly French students and sell good smoke and acid. Smoke runs about 35 guilden or about \$10.00 an ounce! Acid goes for about five guilden for two or three tabs, or about \$1.50.

Amsterdam itself is infested with hip people from 18 to about 26, all heads. The young people outnumber their elders three to one!

The strangest thing is that the people aren't the least bit paranoid or uptight. Definitely one of the best scenes I've ever seen!! I still can't believe it!

During this coming summer, make it. You won't believe it either. It's really fucked up and too beautiful to believe!

May I also take a moment to tell the country that the Massachusetts State police, Concord division, and the Acton

police can go fuck themselves and the horse they rode in on!

MOSS
U.S.S. HOLLAND AS-32
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

SIRS:

I just finished reading the April 19 issue, which was, as usual, in the finest literary traditions—or should I say lack of traditions? Anyway, I was particularly interested by Jeff McLaughlin's letter, because I was placed in the same position myself when my parents took mine from the mail before I got it and . . . anyway, they haven't cancelled my subscription (yet), but they have informed me, "This magazine is not fit for you to read" (father) and "This is terrible. I haven't seen so many four-letter words in print in my life" (mother). And pretty much forbidden me to read it.

However, I did get this issue due to spring vacation, an early mailman, and the fact that my parents are too lazy to get up before noon. But Jeff McLaughlin said it for all of us very well, at least as far as I'm concerned; meanwhile, I think I'll continue to get mine, so long as they come on Saturdays, because my parents haven't yet figured out how often they're supposed to come. Sneaky but . . .

NANCY SOKOL
CARMICHAEL, N.J.

SIRS:

I will order the world reality where each man judges himself for life or destruction. We statistize a life ritual centered in Madison for all to see how to work. I yet do not know the unseen inclusive world image movement. I do not know to remove my ego imaged until my person is there. I am faithful that those who must will involve. I ask you for we are to do with this music where flash becomes word and silents selfloud. GARY VAN DEN HEUVEL
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

SIRS:

You are putting out the best magazine in the world. But I have one complaint.

JOHN CARROLL
SAN FRANCISCO



BLACK PEARL

There's nothing soft or sweet about Black Pearl. They're tough and raunchy and the music they create is hard as steel. They put a razor edge on a collection of original material for their first album on Atlantic Records. It won't be their last.





Decency erupts in Baltimore

The Decency Czar: Levesque Talks

—Continued from Page 1

America," Levesque responded briskly.

But would he favor a situation where less indecent things happen? "Right." How would Mike Levesque go about making that happen? "Well it's already being done. Like I received a letter from President Nixon. And they're trying to pass laws in the Congress. And all these things. Like down here, one newspaper cancelled, uh, movie ads, because one guy was putting on homosexuality movies. Things like this. They can't advertise in the paper. And I mean kids are starting to get respected. Because I know before, nobody would respect us as adults, and now they're starting to respect us. And, uh, listen to what we have to say."

Closer to home, Levesque is on the verge of establishing a Miami Youth Commission, which would rule over teen-age affairs much the way city councils govern older people. The Teens for Decency youth commission plan seems to have the blessing of the elder Miami powers that be. Principally, the commission would have the authority to regulate rock and roll dances—in some unspecified manner—but it would also hear and mediate problems of young people.

Would hippies and longhairs sit on the youth commission as well as Levesque's people? Certainly not. "But they can come to the meetings. Everybody will be welcome at the meetings." There will be stiff standards of qualifications to the commission. The commissioners "gotta believe in the ideals we believe in. I mean, if they're against us and they're in it, there's no reason setting up what I want to do."

The uproarious ending of Baltimore's Rally for Decency was mainly to blame on people who didn't belong there, Levesque feels—and partly also because its organizers let it drag on. "There should be," he stresses, "no drag at one of our rallies. It should keep moving."

But—returning to the Baltimore incident now—"I mean the paper brought it out like it was real bad, but it just happened after it was over. Only a hundred really got messed up. Like there was forty thousand there. And fifty of them were adults that were arrested."

So it was adults and not teen-agers who made trouble?

"Well, in the first place it's not really youths we're trying to reach. Like I said, it's not that all the evil in the world really bothers me, it's that so

many good men just sit back and do nothing."

This is why Levesque finds the support he has received from well known entertainers so gratifying.

"Like most of the entertainers are behind us. Like Blood, Sweat and Tears. They were down here," Levesque recalls, "for a concert and they let us talk to the audience and tell them about the rally. And they wanted to participate, but they had other contracts. And the Lettermen, Jackie Gleason, Paul Anka couldn't make it because he was in Paris . . ."

But isn't Jackie Gleason's name normally associated with broads and booze and things like that? Isn't it a little unusual to have him as part of your supporting cast?

"I think that's a big rumor, really. But I think Jackie Gleason has done more for Miami than anybody else. Cause he gives to charity and a lotta good things. Like he challenged Joe Namath to a golf match and the loser would give five thousand dollars to a variety of children's hospitals. Like, he lost and he gave the money. You know, different things like this; I think most people don't really know what he stands for. It's really a bunch of rumors about him but I think he's really a great man."

It's impossible at this stage to estimate how many people are part of Mike Levesque's Decency crusade. His staff is just friends who help out.

"It's not easy," he acknowledges, "for me to say how many are involved. But it's the majority, I'll tell you that." The majority of the people in the United States? "Right—youths—and the majority of the people, put it, in the country, yes. That's what we want, the majority."

LPs Outpace Singles In Great Britain

LONDON — Album production and sales out-stripped singles in Great Britain in 1968 for the first time ever. Some 49,184,000 LPs were issued last year, as compared with 49,161,000 singles, and total sales were better than \$75,000,000. That's about \$4,500,000 over the 1967 total.

The only year when more total records of all types—LP and singles—were produced was 1964. The figures are 98,345,000 last year as against 101,257,000 four years earlier. Reason for this is that more of these were singles, less of them LPs.

The same trend toward albums is well established in the United States.

Freaks Move to Take Over City

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

SAND CITY, California — There's good news out of Sand City: it appears that a coalition of hippies and their friends may be on the verge of taking over the city government.

A petition for recall of the mayor and the entire city council has been filed, and if enough signatures are valid, a recall election will be held.

The town is located on the Pacific Coast, between Monterey and Fort Ord, some 50 miles south of San Francisco, and has a population of 520—but only 140 registered voters. So according to the arithmetic of the recall advocates, they need about 40 more registered voters to carry the election.

Bob Lynn, a Sand City resident, pottery teacher and recall leader, says there are plenty of places for new residents to stay—he knows of two houses for rent, and he says he still has some room in his house. They'll keep finding places for people to stay, he says, until they've got the whole place filled up.

Lynn and his partner, a black service station owner named Bradley Emory, have big plans for Sand City. First of all, Lynn says, "We can change policy about condemning houses." Lynn is particularly interested in this kind of change, since it was last summer when he was evicted to make room for a fish cannery that he got interested in changing Sand City government. (The mayor's construction company was hired to do the demolition.) Emory's complaint is that racial bias was at the root of a city government decision to restrict parking near his garage several months ago.

They plan to keep the beach open, with no high-rise apartments. And they would try to buy property and erect low-cost housing, preferably some thin-shell domes, which they think would be nice near the seashore. Money? "We'll tax industry."

They would also fire the town's only policeman and get someone they feel is more sympathetic. "If the Sheriff's department calls up from Monterey and says we've got this guy from Sand City we just caught with a lid, we'd just send our policeman over and tell him to cool it."

"Sand City could host a pop festival like the 1967 Monterey festival," Lynn says: "We could also condemn national foreign policy." There is a plan for the city's fire truck to rove the streets every Sunday with a rock band performing up

among the hoses and ladders. "We could even have our own municipal court," says Lynn.

Feeling among the more conservative citizens of the town is that Mayor Phil Calabrese may be an impatient man, but that he's done a lot for the town. Calabrese contributed \$16,000 out of his own pocket to get the town started eight years ago, and the opposition thinks that this may be why he feels he owns the town.

"It's a communication problem," says John Stohlton, 32-year-old city attorney, who has clients on both sides. Stohlton does however feel strongly that the charges of racial bias are unjustified.

The old regime does not intend to go without a fight. Trouble broke out at the last city council meeting when Lynn attempted to speak out against the city's desire to get clearance for putting electric power lines underground on the beach. The mayor interrupted, shouted at Lynn and called him a "dirty hippy."

The city clerk's conclusions on the validity of the signatures will be announced on May 20th.

If the petition does succeed, the city council will have to call an election for within 60 to 75 days. To be eligible to vote in the election, you have to have been living in California a year before the election, in Monterey for 90 days, and in Sand City for 54 days. Which gives people a little time.

If you're planning to go to Sand City, you can call Bob Lynn at 373-5798. Or stop by the Peninsula Pep Boys Service Station on Del Monte and ask for Bradley Emory. Who knows, you might be in time to get elected to the Sand City city council.

I'm on an Island

Do not try to adopt me
I am not a pigmy soothed
Boy or baby hitchhiker saint

What is wrong suddenly
Is that I swallow a cold
Blast of air, I mean fright

Spill coffee on my book
And hear the kinks
In the great universe

The warp in the coffin
Phantom men fly out of
Anywhere in this world

—Tom Clark

“WOMB”

is not a dirty word.

We thought we'd list here all the four-letter words The Establishment calls “dirty,” but you would've said, “Wow. There they go using those words so people will read their stiff ad.”

So there are no “dirty” words in this ad... which is about “dirty” words and sensationalism in the record industry.

There's a group called Womb with a new album on our label. Their first.

Womb was formed by Gregg Young (whose background was hard rock), Rolf Stuart (with a jazz background), and Bruno (from the soul scene). They looked for others with equally diverse backgrounds to round out the group. They found Karyl Boddy (folk), Chris Johnson (from the surfing scene), and Rory Butcher (the English sound).

Each had reached the zenith in the development of his own musical bag. They were at the beginning of a new form. As Gregg Young put it: “We're a melting pot, a community-mind, creating a tapestry, woven from the different threads in the musical world.” It's a new Creation. And this group holds and generates the sound of that Creation.

The dictionary defines “Womb” as anything “that holds, envelops, generates, etc....” That's why Womb chose their name.

THERE ARE RECORD OUTLETS THAT WON'T CARRY WOMB'S ALBUM BECAUSE THEY THINK THE GROUP'S NAME IS “DIRTY”!

We know where Their heads are.

You should hear Womb. It's a new and different thing.

If They get away with this, They might ban the next Blood, Sweat and Tears album because “sweat” is “un-clean.”

Don't let Them do it.



DOT RECORDS, A DIVISION OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION

John Lennon: Ineligible Alien

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The State Department has cancelled John Lennon's visa to visit the United States. The action by the Visa Office is cloaked in secrecy and unless the decision is reversed, all the speculation and hopes on Lennon's part to do some limited, money-making U.S. touring or make any informal visits to the United States are in vain.

Eric Lindahl, acting chief of the Domestic Services Division in the Department of State, confirmed that Lennon has been banned from American shores. "Mr. Lennon's non-immigrant visa has been cancelled," he wrote in a letter to this office, contradicting an earlier denial by the State Department made to *ROLLING STONE*, that Lennon's visa had in fact not been revoked. "In order to re-enter the United States, it will be necessary for him to be in possession of an appropriate document," ended Lindahl's letter.

Lindahl would not give any other details, particularly about when and why Lennon's visa had been cancelled. Further queries elicited only a long fact sheet form with legal clauses and details of "Classes of Ineligible Aliens."

The reason *ROLLING STONE* made inquiries in the first place was a remark Lennon made to a reporter for the Vancouver Free Press to the effect that he was not allowed in America.

The Visa Offices in New York and San Francisco (two prominent ports of entry where lists of undesirables are kept up-to-date) could give no confirmation. Neither could the head Visa Office at the Department of State, in Washington.

Normally, a woman employee said, she would know if a visa had been taken from someone as famous as Mr. Lennon. And she had no such information; if it had been revoked, it would probably have been done by the U.S. Embassy in London, and they might not have told Washington yet.

Checking with the Embassy in London yielding this surprising wire: "Lennon visa not applied for."

But three days later the letter arrived from the acting chief, Domestic Services Division, Visa Office, Department of State, a man named Eric Lindahl.

Why? More calls were made to the State Department.

They couldn't tell us, they said. To do so would be an invasion of Mr. Lennon's privacy. ("Let's say a woman was denied a visa because she was a prostitute," ran the explanation, "and several years later she's married and got a couple of kids . . .") Could the office say when the visa had been revoked? Here or in England? No, they couldn't. Not with Mr. Lennon's privacy at stake.

A special assistant at the Visa Office named Eilers was "not unaware" of John's having been busted for grass this winter. Not that Eilers was deciding policy or anything like that, but: "The way the law is written," he assayed, "I would say Lennon is ineligible for a visa."

Reading through the visa restrictions, it developed that there are a great many reasons why Lennon might have been separated from his visa. He might be a prostitute, for instance. Or there might be reason to believe he would otherwise engage in unusual or immoral sexual maneuvers. Or he might have TB. Or he might be a Communist. Or he might have been caught trafficking in dope.

The language of clause 23, the dope clause, goes like this: "Any alien who has been convicted of a violation of, or a conspiracy to violate, any law or regulation relating to the illicit possession of or traffic in narcotic drugs or marihuana, or who has been convicted of a violation of, or a conspiracy to violate, any law or regulation governing or controlling the taxing, manufacture, production, compounding, transportation, sale, exchange, dispensing, giving away, importation, exportation, or the possession for the purpose of the manufacture, production, compounding, transportation, sale, exchange, dispensing, giving away, importation, or exportation of opium, coca leaves, heroin, marihuana, or any salt derivative or preparation of opium or coca leaves, or isonipicaine or any addiction-forming or



BUSTED IN TAMPA—This is Rebekah Hall, 16 years old, blonde, white of tooth, gorgeous, who reigned during 1968 as "Miss Florida Teen-Ager." Rebekah was busted recently in Tampa, along with eight other people, and charged with possession of grass.

addiction-sustaining opiate; or any alien who the consular officer or immigration officers know or have reason to believe is or has been an illicit trafficker in any of the aforementioned drugs."

There is a very elaborate ritual through which Lennon could regain his American visa, however. If he has only one offense in each of the various offenses listed (prostitution, anarchy, TB, dope) and if he can demonstrate that the U.S. will be a better place for his coming (*John Lennon guaranteed to raise level of joy 11.9 percent coast to coast*), then perhaps he can convince a consular officer to give him a waiver.

This, in turn, would be weighed by the Department of State. If they determined that Lennon was okay, they could suggest restoration of his visa to the Attorney General. Then the Attorney General either does it or not.

In London, the Beatles remain busy all the while.

- Two TV specials have been made from 68 hours of film of the Beatles working on their next LP. These tentatively are to be shown on successive nights in Great Britain, timed to the release of the album.

- The album itself is nearing completion, with final tracks to be cut during May.

- A paperback book on the Beatles (a "candid insight," it is described, including details of arguments which occurred during production) is ready for publication. It is edited by Jonathan Cott and David Dalton, with photos by Ethan Russell.

Hitching

In the photograph in which (just as our drive is starting) we notice that

There were six families in Barking

Six husbands and six wives (the caption explains that Now in 1966 they are all alive), Some children have entered the picture.

One of them may become champion of the world.

—Tom Clark

Fertilizer Freddy & Flip Cartridge

NEW YORK—The annual Billboard Directory of recording artists in the United States contained, among over three thousand listings of individual artists and groups, these following:

Abraham & the Casanovas, the Acorn Sisters, the Affection Collection, Alphabetical Order, the Alternate Route, Tony Alvon and the Belairs, the Amazers, Anthony and the Sophomores, Aspirin Groove Branch, Banjo Barons;

Cannibal and Headhunters, Captain Stubby and the Buccaneers, Carnations and Tren-Dells, Flip Cartridge, Alvin Cash and the Registers, the Casinos, the Castaways, Castles, the Casuals, the Cavaliers, the Celtics;

Chalfontes, Challengers, Chancellors, the Chiffons, the Children, the Children of God, the Children of Paradise, Children's Gospel Choir, the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Contours, the Contrasts, Coolestes;

Delfonics, the Delusions of Grandeur, Sugar Pie DeSanto, Dino, Desi and Billy, Dr. Cool and the Famous Sapphires, Dr. Cool and the Mustangs, Dr. Feelgood and the Interns, Dr. John the Night Tripper, Domestic Help, Duke of Paducah;

Narvel Felts, Fertilizer Freddy, the 50 Foot Hose, Five Stairsteps and Cubie, Flash and the Board of Directors, Four Hearsers;

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Maskman and the Agents, Mason and Dixon, Mighty Clouds of Joy, Mighty Hannibal (James T. Shaw), Johnny Paycheck, the Peppermint Rainbow;

Peppermint Trolley Co., the Pillsberry Flower, Trudy Pitts, Porgy and the Monarchs, Preparations, the Prescription;

Ray Meat, Reno, Don, Bill Harrell and the Tennessee Cutups, the R. J. Ruppel Memorial Piano and Percussion Band, Rustix, San Francisco Earthquake, J. T. Sears & Roebuck, John Philip Soul and His Stone Marching Band, the Soulswaysions, Sounds of Synanon, Stark Naked and the Car Thieves, Sweet Daddy, the Tijuana Brats, Ken Tucker and the Fairlane Five;

The Yum Yum Kids.

'Monterey Pop': A Festive Film

BY ADELE NOVELLI

SAN FRANCISCO—*Monterey Pop* is a festival. The D. A. Pennebaker film, which opened here last week, is a sensual feast that will delight you, elate you and like you. You will arrive and encamp, experience the performers as the weekend builds intimately around you to the moment when Ravi Shankar perfects and completes it.

It's a freaking beautiful film. It was made by a man who shoots people's faces very close to the flesh and loves them enough that contours become characters and every other person is at least exquisitely beautiful. The sound track is four-track stereo, which means it will fill up your head enough to alter your consciousness.

You will see faces that are open, unrehearsed and profoundly happy. In a meadow people are weaving God's eyes—shouldn't we be embarrassed—aren't flower children perhaps too cute and vulnerable for our current sophistication? Yet here it's somehow new and pretty and innocent again. The meadow is sunny and everywhere people smile and look gently about them and are healthy and free. Either Pennebaker was very discriminating or it was a very lovely moment.

The film is so successful as a festival that the audience is the attraction. The performers are noticeable inasmuch as the audience reacts to them. The whimsical confusion of the girls who have just seen Hendrix set fire to his guitar seems more humanly moving than Hendrix, perhaps because a loving audience is a joy forever though a rock gimmick is soon dated. Hendrix is a crazy young kid here, but being a kid's no crime and he's just part of the fun.

It's not a polished showcase for the musicians. The Who come across colorfully if you believe in their tongue in cheek energy source and their perfectly conceived perverse charm. While Keith bashes madly on the drums, mincing and smirking with fiendish delight, Pete Townshend disposes of his axe with good natured dispatch and Roger Daltrey dances obliviously about. If you've seen them before then they'll turn you on again but if you haven't then you won't know that they're capable of delivering slyer stuttering, heavier drums, more acute thumping tension on "My Generation." But you'll know how they look and that's a fine way to spend an evening.

The Airplane sequence seemed gratifying to the current vision. Nobody works out supposedly except Grace. She sings most all the parts (including Marty's opening solo on "Today") and gets the photographic action. Maybe Pennebaker's joking with us. For the few moments that you get next to Marty you can see that his eyes are wide open and sensitive—the old Marty of the young Airplane. It's a sentimental flash that touches your heart and awakens your memories but you don't have to look back. You are experiencing it all now as it unfolds for you for the very first time again.

There are so many high exuberant places when you discover yourself grinning or laughing or hear someone whisper "it must have been beautiful" or "unbelievable." Janis was a high. She had it all under control and got it all together into generous shouting perfection. And Brian Jones, just passing through so shyly inside his soft flowing finery was an almost mystical image being so beautiful like that. At the beginning when David Crosby says "groovy" and it's the happiest, kindest, freshest word imaginable.

When Otis suddenly comes dancing in, you're ready for it, wanting to be carried deeply along into "I've Been Loving You Too Long," to be fascinated by the convictions, the closeness of his warm brown face. Otis' sequence, coming along so fine, was ruined when it broke down into sharp white light flashes. It was clumsy to have put the one camera on Otis aiming into a floodlight because it shattered the fragile dimensions of his performance. But everything is forgivable, everyone is forgivable. The film leaves you so high. You are laughing and you pick up a hitchhiker whose been through it twice, too and you feel that it's a beautiful life that music intensifies.



WEE TAM, EKS 74036



THE BIG HUGE, EKS 74037



The MC5, jamming out their kicks

Elektra Records Kicks Out MC5

BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK—In a sudden and unprecedented move last week, Elektra Records severed its relationship with the MC5 and offered the group an immediate formal contractual release.

Reasons for the split had nothing to do with the band's politics or stage performances, according to Elektra president Jac Holzman, but stemmed instead from a threefold display of "unprofessional conduct."

MC5 friend and publicist Danny Fields called the "firing" an "act of repression" and likened it to the Columbia Broadcasting System's dismissal of the Smothers Brothers. "I have to see this as political," stated Fields.

The problem started when the MC5 took a full-page ad in *The Ann Arbor Argus* in retaliation against Hudson's, a local store which had refused to stock the group's first LP, *Kick Out the Jams*. The ad read "Fuck Hudson's" and contained the names of both Elektra and the MC5 as well as the Elektra logo.

"They signed our name to the ad and then sent us the bill," Holzman claims. "We didn't know they were going to run it. The net result was that the store wanted to pull out all of their Elektra albums, even those by artists who had not been a party to this specific incident. You don't say 'Fuck you' and then sign somebody else's name to it."

The second point of contention is MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer's "Not that we give a fuck" statement in the April 19th issue of *ROLLING STONE* concerning dealers being busted under local obscenity laws for selling *Kick Out the Jams* to minors. Use of the word "motherfucker" was the main reason for the busts.

A third area of disagreement involves some mysterious happenings which supposedly transpired in mid-March while the MC5 were recording at Elektra's Los Angeles studio.

Holzman declined to elaborate, other than to say that "these incidents indicated not isolated situations, but a trend—a trend which neither I nor my staff wished to be a part of."

On April 16th, Holzman wrote a letter to the MC5 informing them of Elektra's decision.

The letter, received by the group in Ann Arbor the next day, stated in part: "We have given a great deal of thought to a continuing relationship with you. It is our conclusion that such a relationship is neither possible nor advisable in light of the unprofessional conduct exhibited by you."

"We will be happy to prepare formal releases if you so desire them."

John Sinclair, manager of the MC5, drafted a telegram on April 17th requesting the releases. "I'm glad that this happened, and so is the band," he stated. "Actually, I think it was a great thing for Holzman to do. It didn't work out like it was supposed to, so rather than

try to labor at something that's wrong, it's better to be out of it."

Asked if he felt the real reasons for the dismissal were those which Elektra gave, Sinclair said: "Oh, no. I think that Holzman's scared of the MC5 and their politics. I don't think he particularly relates to the music either. The CBS-Smothers Brothers comparison is very operative."

"We know where the kids are at, man, because we deal with them all the time. These fuckers don't even know where their own kids are at."

"But, in a way, it was as much our fault as Elektra's because we made a mistake in not demanding the terms we wanted—a say in the editing, mixing, packaging, and advertising of our album—in writing. Jac, for the president of a record company, is a great dude, you know, and I just felt that the contract was going to be a formality. Well, we won't make that mistake again."

Fields claims that the letter from Elektra didn't exactly take him by surprise. "I had premonitions about it," he says. "In Los Angeles, Jac said that what the group did in the studio would determine whether or not this was going to be a 'short-term arrangement,' and that they had yet to prove themselves musically. He said less and less about liking their politics, and no one from the company came to the 5's Los Angeles concert."

"I had a negative feeling, but I felt there were two alternatives—either a total recommitment or the band's being dropped. The latter idea seemed a bit far-fetched since the album had sold over 100,000 copies."

Fields admits that the placement of the "Fuck Hudson's" ad may have exemplified unprofessional conduct, but says that the group promised Elektra such an action would never happen again and that the company accepted this assurance.

According to Fields, the third charge seems to involve the theft of some equipment. "The MC5 are just not into thievery," he declares. "They are not holy terrors. They don't want to get people into trouble."

"These charges, even if they were all true—which they're not—are not so disastrous. They're cop-out reasons. When you have a group which does polarize its audience, it's very important to know that your record company—your right flank, as it were—is on your side. Because, if they're not on your side, then they have to be on the other side."

"Did Jac fire the Doors yet? I guess you can take out your cock, but you can't take out your ad."

Holzman tends to shun the universal and to personalize his corporate decisions. "Obviously, it's more than just a situation wherein an artist is controversial," he explains. "The Doors are constantly controversial, but I'm not about to release them."

"I simply made a mistake about the MC5, and now I'm correcting it. I discovered that I couldn't trust them. They were released because I never knew what they were going to do next, not in

terms of their material or to an audience, but to us, the record company. Life is too short for this kind of nonsense."

It certainly is, agrees Fields. "Elektra knew what it was getting into when it signed the band. We didn't try to fool them about what to expect, and now they just can't handle it."

Future developments may be interesting. The Stooges, another Ann Arbor group under contract to Elektra, have asked for their releases in sympathy over what went down with their brothers, the MC5.

In the meantime, the MC5 anticipate no trouble in signing with another label, probably Atlantic Records. Jerry Wexler, vice president of that firm, says, "We would welcome them."

Mother Shot Down In Houston, Texas

HOUSTON—Mother is dead, and if you live in Houston you know what that means: when you want to hear groovy radio music there's no place to turn. Mother was Mother Radio, station KFMK, a small FM outpost of enlightenment in the Texas wastelands at 98 magacycles.

KFMK, the first station in Houston to play rock and roll (starting in the fall of 1967), was shut down on March 26th by its owners, ostensibly because it was losing money.

But the fact is that the station had come under attack by the uptight element here and the owners must certainly have felt the pressure. For KFMK catered to the head community.

Reports from the Court Astrologer, warnings about narks ("We hear," went one message broadcast every 15 minutes on a recent Sunday afternoon, "the heat's bad at the Anthill today, so stay away"), and decidedly New Left newscasts, alternated with good rocking music.

When you consider that transmission had been so poor for the last couple of months that it took an outside TV antenna to pick it up, you begin to wonder how hard Mother Radio's owners were soliciting advertising.

The Houston American Civil Liberties branch is looking into the possibility that the station owner's decision to pull the plug was influenced unduly by external persuasion. Naturally, the owners deny this.

Says KFMK's ex-program director (almost the entire staff was fired by the Liberty Communications Co., owner of the station) Dan Earhart: "Somebody wanted to shut Mother up." The implication is that the station's political stance met with disfavor and was silenced on political grounds.

Lammers presently is seeking another FM outlet in Houston for Mother Radio, convinced that the format can work. But meanwhile there's no station in town with adult rock and roll programming.

Flatt Files Suit Against Scruggs

NASHVILLE—The bluegrass duo of Flatt & Scruggs have split not with a whimper (it develops) but with a bang: Lester Flatt has filed a series of lawsuits charging fraud and other things against his partner of 21 years, Earl Scruggs, and Scruggs' wife, who managed the group.

The lawsuits say that Mrs. Scruggs unfairly deprived Flatt of money due him; ask that Scruggs be prevented from using the group name, "The Foggy Mountain Boys"; say (redundantly, perhaps) that the two are not compatible as a team any more; say that Flatt was shortchanged in what was supposed to be a 50-50 Flatt & Scruggs music publishing partnership; and ask that the partnership that produces their TV show be dissolved.

Before this barrage of lawsuits, Earl Scruggs told reporters that their breakup (announced six weeks ago) had come about because of a difference of opinion over material. "After 21 years of playing together and playing pretty much the same material all that time," he said, "I wanted to bring our material up to date a bit more."

"We parted on good terms," Scruggs added. Hearings concerning Flatt's request to un-do the Flatt & Scruggs TV show have already begun, and there will be plenty more on the rest of it. Twenty-one years is a long time.

Mud Removed From Sky River

SEATTLE—The Second Annual Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair will be held again on Labor Day weekend, but not at last year's 24-acre site on the remote Skykomish River near Sultan, Wash.

The original site was discarded after steady rains turned last year's festival grounds into a glorious mudfield playground. Officials of the New American Community, Inc., which conceived and organized the now-famous festival, said they are looking at a rustic 90-acre site within 40 miles of Seattle.

The undisclosed site, located in a mountainous area of King County, reportedly includes a natural amphitheater large enough for an audience of 20,000.

John Chambliss, president of the New American Community, said festival directors are making plans for an attendance of more than 30,000. Last year's Sky River Rock Festival, which lost about \$7,000, attracted 18,000 persons—and international attention—in its three-day run.

Collecting bands for the festival will be much easier this year, the director predicted. "Bands already are calling us," he said.

This year's festival will feature a much wider spectrum of music, including country and western, jazz, east Indian, classical and electronic, in addition to lots of rock and blues.

Among those mentioned are Johnny Cash, Buffy St. Marie, B. B. King, James Cotton, Big Mama Thornton, Charles Lloyd and John Handy. Seattle-area bands already assured invitations include Juggernaut, Floating Bridge and the Byron Pope Jazz Ensemble.

Hendrix' One-Year Retirement Plan

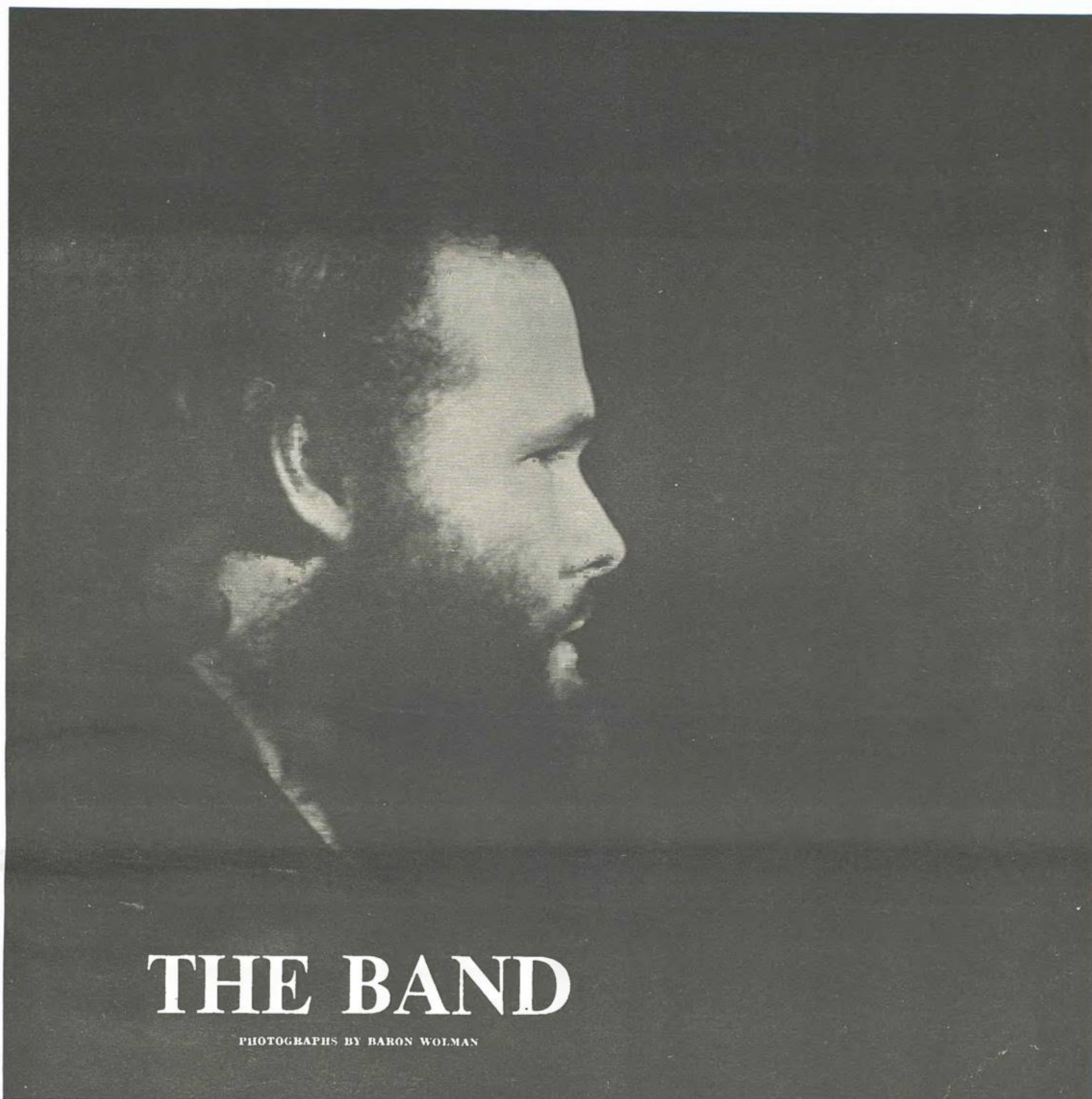
LONDON—Jimi Hendrix may do a Bob Dylan and go into seclusion for a year. He told a reporter for the *New Musical Express* (a pop paper) here that it was time to take a rest.

The Experience has been working steadily for three solid years, Hendrix pointed out, "and there comes a time when you have to get away from it all."

"What I want to do is rest completely for one year. Completely. I'll have to. Maybe something'll happen and I'll break my own rules, but I'll have to try. It's the physical and emotional toll I have to think of," said Hendrix.

This came with full assurances that Hendrix and the Experience would stick together. Bassist Noel Redding plans to perform with his new band, the Fat Matress, and Mitch Mitchell might take another gig now and then.

But the Experience has no intention of disbanding.



THE BAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

Garth Hudson

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

"I like mountain music, played by a real hill billy band"
—1933 hit song

They pulled into Winterland looking about half past dead on the night of their debut before the New Audience. The band from Big Pink, complete with a retinue of chicks, wives, managers, sound men and a hypnotist.

Robbie Robertson was ill. You didn't need a weatherman to tell you which way *that* wind blew. He looked sick and he was. He hadn't been able to eat for two days and an hour before he got to Winterland he had had a fever of 103. "I wouldn't have believed it," Levon Helm said later, "but that hypnotist waved his hands at him and brought that fever down five points in an hour."

Nevertheless, the opening night was as close to disaster as any night in San Francisco has ever been. The fault line runs right through the city and it touched everybody that night.

Opening night was Thursday. The band had flown up from Hollywood on Tuesday and Robbie had gotten off the plane thinking he was merely airsick. But it was a lot more than that and probably Thursday should have been cancelled.

But nobody really wanted to cancel. Bill Graham's doctor came up with the hypnotist and to the extent that it got Robbie's mind off his stomach and him onto the stage it worked.

But it sure looked weird with the spell caster standing on-stage in a blue suit, white shirt and tie waving his hands at Robbie as the band played.

There had been a terrible hour and fifteen minute wait. The Ace of Cups, the all girl band, and the Sons of Champlin had done their sets and stretched them out as far as they could go and then, at 11 PM, Graham's assistant came on and announced there would be a delay. Robbie was sick, he started to explain and a voice in the balcony, raspish from irrita-

tion, yelled out "Fuuuuuuuck you!" and the crowd, a fine, fat 5,000, screamed approval.

But then they sat there while the sound system played Grateful Dead records until 12:15 when the band went on, the hypnotist conducting, and did seven numbers, 35 minutes, before they split to the sound of a thin blonde in the immediate area of the bandstand who stood up and yelled "Play the other side!"

"Robbie is very important," Rick Danko, the assistant, had said the previous afternoon in explaining why they couldn't rehearse certain numbers without him. And it was clear that Robertson's illness not only put the band very uptight but inhibited the way they played. Everybody onstage watched him like he was a china jar teetering on the edge of the kitchen table. They looked ready to catch him if he fell.

It was obvious to everyone there that the evening should have been cancelled. The people who drove up from Big Sur, flew up from L.A., drove down from Montana and from Seattle and Portland, deserved a little better than that and the band itself deserved not to be treated quite so much like a product.

Graham wanted to cancel and bring everyone back for Sunday night but Albert Grossman, who is managing the band, declined. Wives were having babies. Reservations and plans had been made. It couldn't be done and it wasn't.

The vibes in the hall were terrible. The audience hooted and stomped and whistled when the seven numbers were over, but that really was all, and they filed sullenly out into the cold dark night.

A lot of care had been put into that show. The Little Princess 101 Liteshow had sat patiently through the Wednesday night rehearsal ("if you play that figure, play it with the sticks, we can't hear it with the brushes" John Simon, who directed their sound told Richard Manuel) to discuss what they would project on the wall behind the band. And the band itself, without Robbie, rehearsed in the huge empty hall,

the sound of Levon's bass drum booming off the concrete walls.

It took a long while to get the sound right. Simon in the booth in the balcony and Richard Manuel and Rick Danko on stage discussed levels and positions of microphones and moved amplifiers around and set up special speakers to be able to hear themselves.

After they did as much as they could, including a couple of run throughs of Levon's mandolin and his vocal in two numbers I hadn't heard before (one of them, "Little Birdies," was written by his father) and Rick Danko had explained why they couldn't do any more, they left for dinner at a Chinese restaurant.

It had been a short rehearsal but they had sounded beautiful to me. Better, I think now, than they sounded opening night, but then Robbie wasn't there and they weren't worried because they knew he wasn't there and didn't try anything they couldn't do without him.

The band's debut would have been news anywhere. Time, Look, the New York Times and dozens of other publications were all up for it. But in San Francisco there was a special quality.

San Francisco is a Western town. People forget that. There are cattle round-ups closer to San Francisco than to Tulsa. Stockton and Salinas are only a few hours drive away and they have rodeos. Third Street stockyards stores have sold Western clothes for decades and there were Stetson hats at the Saturday night flicks long before Haight Street became the street of dreams.

Sure, it's a cosmopolitan city. But it's rough and rural sometimes, too, and for decades now it has had the most polygot mixture of music of any city in the nation. San Francisco audiences *know*. They've heard it all and they psyche out the phoney in a hot minute. Not the Nob Hill cafe society audiences at the Black and White Ball or the Symphony Pops Series. But the people.

—Continued on Page 3

I am a

Subway



How can two people
be alone enough to feel
that they are not being watched
by an audience of critics, roommates,
neighbors, and well-meaning social prophets?

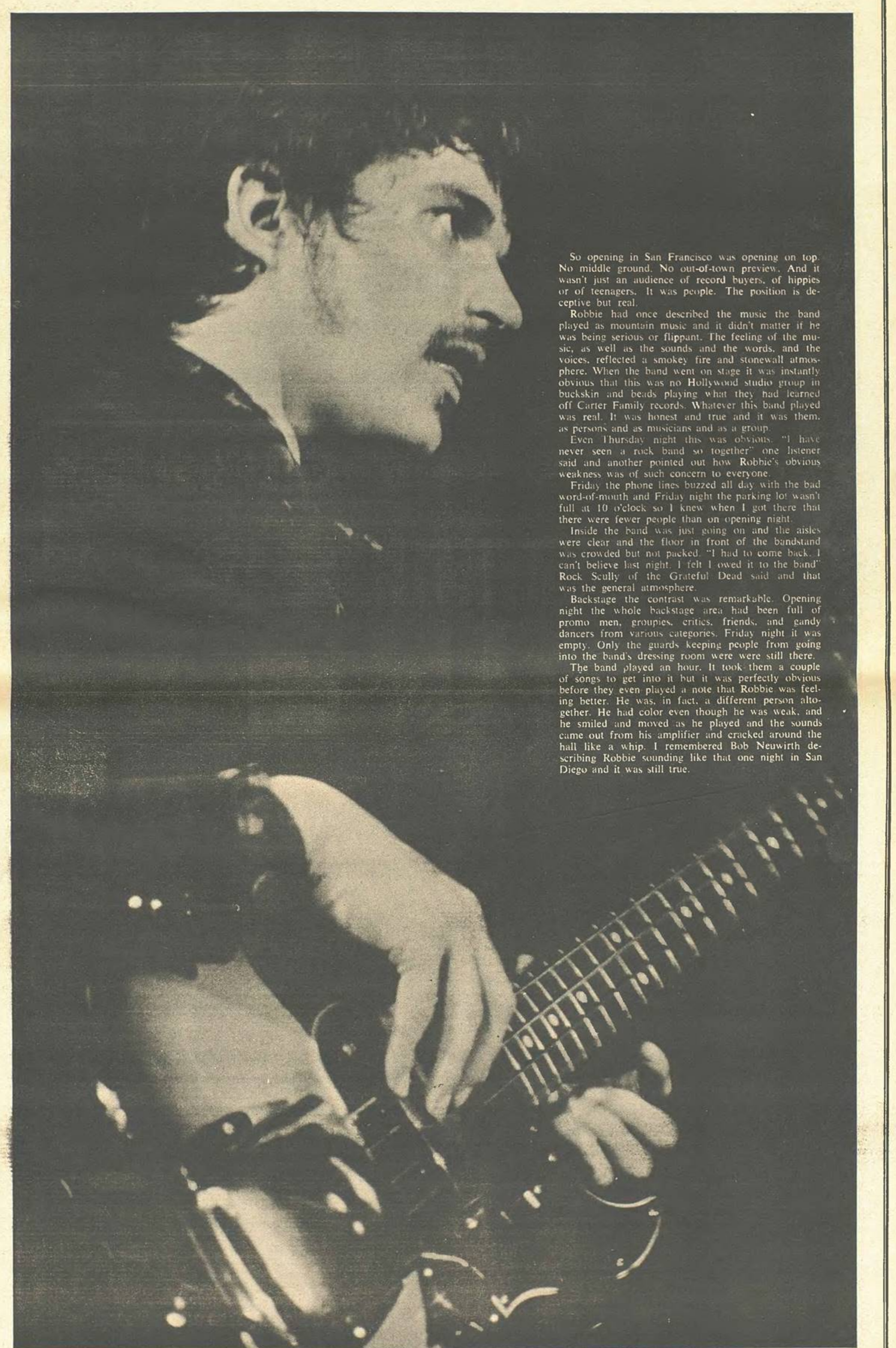
We are Hedge and Donna, you and I.
Singing to each other for everyone
with feelings that have no name.

Flowing from he to she to us
to you to me.

Duet. Harmony. Serenity.
Warmth. Light. Shadow. Yin/Yang.

We are learning as we go. And loving it.

Be alone with **Hedge & Donna 2**



So opening in San Francisco was opening on top. No middle ground. No out-of-town preview. And it wasn't just an audience of record buyers, of hippies or of teenagers. It was people. The position is deceptive but real.

Robbie had once described the music the band played as mountain music and it didn't matter if he was being serious or flippant. The feeling of the music, as well as the sounds and the words, and the voices, reflected a smokey fire and stonewall atmosphere. When the band went on stage it was instantly obvious that this was no Hollywood studio group in buckskin and beads playing what they had learned off Carter Family records. Whatever this band played was real. It was honest and true and it was them, as persons and as musicians and as a group.

Even Thursday night this was obvious. "I have never seen a rock band so together" one listener said and another pointed out how Robbie's obvious weakness was of such concern to everyone.

Friday the phone lines buzzed all day with the bad word-of-mouth and Friday night the parking lot wasn't full at 10 o'clock so I knew when I got there that there were fewer people than on opening night.

Inside the band was just going on and the aisles were clear and the floor in front of the bandstand was crowded but not packed. "I had to come back. I can't believe last night. I felt I owed it to the band" Rock Scully of the Grateful Dead said and that was the general atmosphere.

Backstage the contrast was remarkable. Opening night the whole backstage area had been full of promo men, groupies, critics, friends, and gandy dancers from various categories. Friday night it was empty. Only the guards keeping people from going into the band's dressing room were still there.

The band played an hour. It took them a couple of songs to get into it but it was perfectly obvious before they even played a note that Robbie was feeling better. He was, in fact, a different person altogether. He had color even though he was weak, and he smiled and moved as he played and the sounds came out from his amplifier and cracked around the hall like a whip. I remembered Bob Neuwirth describing Robbie sounding like that one night in San Diego and it was still true.

Rick Danko



Levon Helm

Rick Danko

The surprises were there, too. Of course, they played the album. Those songs are part of the American heritage now as much as any others and the audience, even on Thursday night, knew them so well they sang along with "The Weight" and this was a Fillmore audience and not a collection of musical virgins, so the compliment was real as well as deserved.

The first thing that flashed into my mind was "this is Levon's band!" I had never thought of that. But there he was, bushy beard, swinging shoulders and his Mephistophelian visage pushed up to the mike on one side of him as he drummed. "He's got a great voice!" I thought next, and then Rick Danko took over the lead and I thought, "There's another one!"

I don't know why, but even the impact of the album had not really sunk into me the real feeling of admiration I got when I saw them do it. They were together, like a team, like a family, like a band. They passed the responsibilities around one to the other and each took them in turn. Richard Manuel set a rhythmic pattern and a tone on the piano and Levon joined in with Rick and they were off again. After the concert that night I read the brief bio Capitol had sent out again and Levon was quoted as saying Richard Manuel was his favorite drummer. I had forgotten that but now I see why. And his drumming and piano playing fit together; rhythmic on the piano and melodic on the drums.

They went through all the album tunes in two sets and played four songs the audience had not heard them do before, "Little Birdies" (Levon's father's song), which is a purely country ditty (that's the right word, too) with a lovely light feeling to it; "Don't Tell Henry" which is another that Levon and Rick sing and which is like a distant cousin, with a family resemblance, to "Last Night When I Came Home to Bed as Drunk as I Could Be" in lyric line and in structure; and an achingly beautiful song about "no more cane," I don't know the title; and then Little Richard's "Slippin' and Slidin'."

That one they used as an encore for the first set Friday night. They were all the way backstage, Levon half way up the ramp to the dressing room, when it became obvious that the audience simply would not permit the show to continue without an encore. You read about how they screamed. Believe me, they did. They stomped and shouted and whistled and clapped and the band had to go back on.

They started a beat, the audience fell right into it, clapping along with them, and suddenly it was the Little Richard classic. In a way, it was the best thing they did all weekend. It was looser and it was down home dance music and the people leaped with it

and spun around and kicked and shouted. My God it was great! That's all to say about it.

Hours later, sitting in the kitchen and thinking about the band, I flashed to the fact that they must have been playing that song together damn near as long as there has been a Bob Dylan! They were entertainers!

And that, of course, brought up the great unanswered questions. What did they play, as Levon and the Hawks, when they were in New Jersey before they joined Dylan? The records with Ronnie Hawkins don't give much clue (although they do disclose Levon as a songwriter with talent) and the Johnny Hammond album didn't offer much either. My guess is "Slippin' and Slidin'" and "Little Birdies" and all kinds of mixtures of current songs and things heard as children or taught or sung to them by friends or relatives.

"Long Black Veil," for instance, sounds like a Kentucky murder ballad straight out of "Dark of the Moon" or a collection of mountain folklore. No wonder it has been common at the folk festivals in versions by Joan Baez and other singers. But it is also common on the country and western stations playing soft as Lefty Frizzel sang it or Johnny Cash or, surprise, the Kingston Trio. That's country music, even if Marijohn Wilkin, who wrote it, wrote "P.T.109" as well.

The band had put in those years playing with Ronnie Hawkins and on its own before Dylan telephoned them in New Jersey and asked them if they wanted to play the Hollywood Bowl. He'd heard them in Canada, too. And those years paid off, as they had to, in the kind of patina of experience only actual work will provide.

They went on the road with Dylan that summer of 1965 and after a few months Levon split to go back to Arkansas. No one ever said why but it seemed possible, when the band appeared backing Dylan, that the situation might have made it necessary for him to leave. The band was anonymous behind Dylan. Not a mention. They went to Scandinavia and England, and Australia, too, and they are in the second Pennebaker film on Dylan, the one nobody has seen yet, and they are in *You Are What You Eat* with Tiny Tim, too. And of course they played that now legendary set at Carnegie Hall on the Guthrie Memorial concert when the stage was packed with folksingers dripping envy of Dylan and the careers they might have had.

Then came that album with its undiminishing delights, the stark imagery of the songs and the beautiful, clean, economical playing so tightly interwoven that it emerged as more exciting the leaner it became. Levon was back, had been back for over a

year, and Dylan was writing and playing with them and they were all up there in that barn.

To think of their music without thinking of *John Wesley Harding* and *Nashville Skyline* is insane. The band and Dylan met and merged and then went their separate though equal ways, Dylan more country than before they met and the band now fruitful with poetry, imagery, metaphor and sound all molding together into a remarkable music making association.

They have four voices as lead singers. I may be neglecting Garth Hudson but he seems to sing only in the ensembles, on the basis of what I observed. I can't think of any other contemporary group which can offer four such voices, each of equal but separate power. Robbie was less impressive singing than the others but that was to be expected. He was weak from sickness and the album shows it is there. The four are also songwriters of high calibre and again, who can offer that?

The point is not comparison at all, but a search for some way to talk about the weight of the group. The band stands alone, not by its own declaration in those words but by what it does. It is complete unto itself, all of its music is of the same body of work in a true sense and while it is related on the one hand to Dylan, on the other to that country music mainstream to which Johnny Cash is also linked, it is by sound and style and feeling waist deep in the big muddy stream of contemporary American electronic music.

All the sounds they produce are their own. They do it all. Robbie was quick to point out that John Simon was not a producer in the accepted sense of the term and it is clear that they run the thing themselves. What was not clear before, and what became clear immediately on seeing them, was how musical they actually are. They all double. Levon doubles from drums to mandolin (a 1930 product he found in L.A.), Richard Manuel doubles on drums; Garth Hudson doubles on piano; Rick Danko doubles on guitar and Robbie doubles on bass and on acoustic guitar. There is more. Clavichord. Tuba. Other instruments I expect we will hear on the Capitol album they have completed.

We've been impressed with the young bands, just as the amazing virtuosity of this new generation has been manifested in all fields. But these are not teenagers, nor post teens. These are men and they are musicians and they have been both for a long time so it is no wonder that their music is mature.

"It took me twenty years to learn what to leave out," Dizzy Gillespie told an astonished audience at a seminar once. Economy and utility are the words for this music. They did not play an unnecessary note. On no other single body of music that I have ever heard is the link between the drum parts and the ar-



Richard Manuel

range of the whole production so tight. The band moves on the axis of drums and bass. It snaps on drums and guitar and it swells, grows richer and fuller on the organ and the piano. And the voices.

The average man is paranoid today and he has reason to be. The band was worried and nervous about playing in public again, about bringing out this music for the first time before an audience like this. But they were determined to do it right and they worked at it and they sweat and it is a kind of ironic tribute that they first had to survive the psychic earthquake of that opening night in order to come back stronger than ever and turn everybody on.

"We can do better than that," Rick said after the first Friday night set, the one which concluded with "Slippin' and Slidin'." And later Robbie remarked that he had felt so weak he couldn't really be sociable with the audience. In fact he couldn't even remember having been on stage while hypnotized, except vaguely.

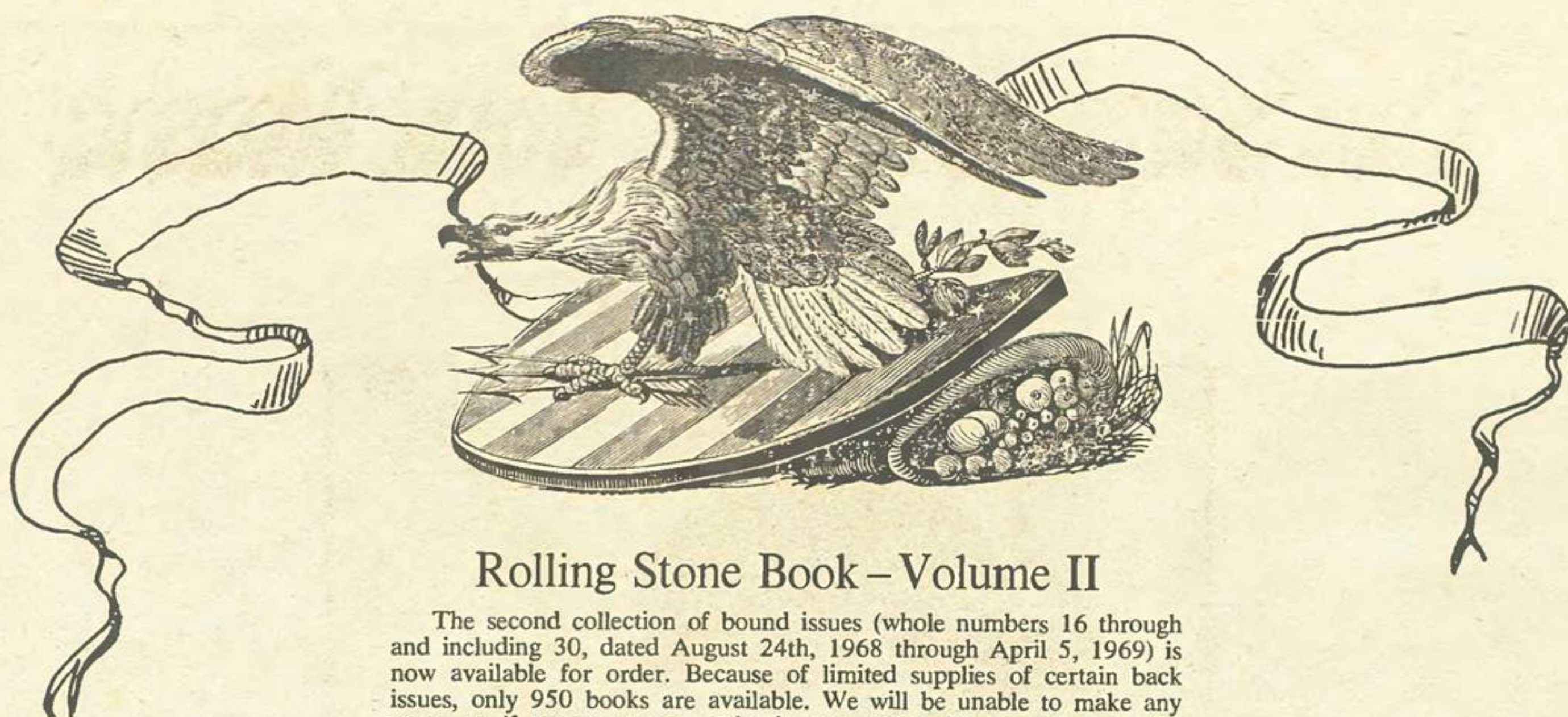
On Saturday, after the Friday night triumph, the phones buzzed again as everybody called up everybody else and passed the word that we can talk about it now and even though false witness spread the news, time did, indeed, tell you well and the truth truly fell.

And the truth is that this is a remarkable, deeply important group of artists whose music is now firmly imbedded in the American consciousness, the fruits of which are yet to be seen. Somehow, four Canadians and an Arkansas country boy ("Give us a song, Levon," I can hear them saying at some Sunday West Helena picnic) found it in themselves to express part of where all of us are at now while expressing where they are at themselves in language and metaphor that can ignite explosive trains of thought inside your head. Out of all the idle scheming, they gave us something to feel. For days afterwards lines from the songs flew through my head, and I suspect the heads of all the others who were there, like leaves blowing down the street on an autumn day.

It was peaceful after they had gone, the music and the words left their mark and drew out all the paranoia, at least for a while. It had been the weekend of the big earthquake prediction which had not happened, except inside Winterland. It had not been what it might have been; what is, after all? But it had been magical and it had been moving. Sometime they will return when the world is different, or maybe when they are different, and they will walk with people in this city, human beings like all the rest, and they won't be pawns in anyone's game and the power struggles and ego ploys will be meaningless because we are all one even if we say it and do it in different ways. Why don't we get together, after all what else can we do?



Robbie Robertson

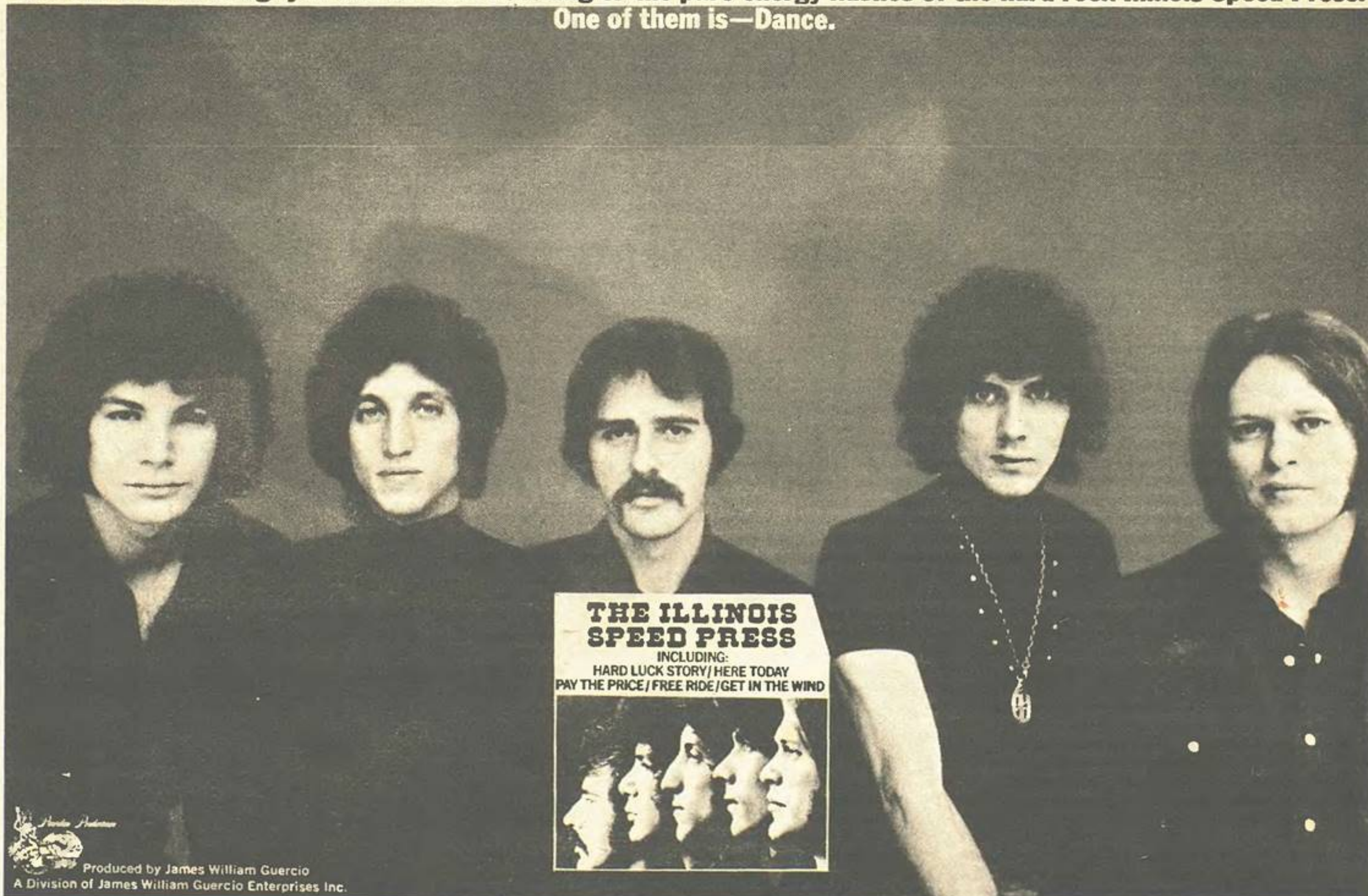


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The Swan Song of Folk Music

BY HAPPY TRAUM

Mr. Traum is the editor of *Sing Out!* the leading folk-music magazine.

"Folk music is dead." We've been hearing that for some time now. The clubs and coffee houses that sprang up all over the country in the early Sixties offering folk music and espresso coffee are mostly a thing of the past. There was a time not long ago when every college town and city in America had at least one, a refuge for kids and a jumping-off place for the local Pete Seegers and Kingston Trios.

The clean-cut shiney-faced groups, specimens of *collegiana* c. 1963, have faded into obscurity as quickly as they once shot to the top of the newly-created folk-biz circuit, and they do not seem to be missed, even by the most sentimental followers of ABC-TV's "Hootenanny." (Remember when it was at the top of the Nielsen Ratings, and no folk concert was complete without that semi-rhythmic, not-quite-on-the-beat hand-clapping from the audience?)

The scruffy kids in work shirts and desert boots are no longer hitting old Highway 66 with battered guitars on their backs and "Hard Travellin'" on their lips. Few, if any, folk music albums make the national charts now, although not too long ago the record companies were scouring the countryside for that new "folk sound."

Even the big city clubs that tried to present the best of the so-called folk revival are dead today, strangled or transformed by What's Happening Now, Baby!, and there are many talented, low-powered soloists pounding on tightly closed doors, knowing perfectly well that five years ago they would have at least made a living.

So, the Highwaymen, Wanderers, Wayfarers, Travellers, Tarriers, and Workers of all trades have hit the road and have not been heard from since. And not many tears have been shed at their passing, for it was a healthy and unregrettable departure.

From this point of view, folk music should be considered a thing of the past. But I keep thinking of a line from an early Dylan song: "It looks like it's a-dyin'/And it's hardly been born."

The urban folk song movement was conceived in the late Thirties and early Forties by people closely associated with the radical movements of the day. They saw this music both as an expression of the feelings of the "real people," and as an exciting and easy-to-learn medium through which they could express their ideas on the labor, civil rights, and civil liberties causes. Practically every performer of folk music in those days was involved in this group in one way or another, and were thus aligned with the left-wing political stands of the day. In fact, even the "real" folk performers such as Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry, and Leadbelly, found themselves in an environment of a primarily political nature.

Those were exciting days for the small group of performers and friends who, bound together by a common cause, discovered and used this "new" music, and struggled against poverty and, to some



extent, political persecution. Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, Brownie McGhee, Burl Ives, Josh White, Cisco Houston, Richard Dyer-Bennet, et al worked and lived closely and were responsible, not only for politicizing folk music (for which many have been severely criticized), but also for actually doing the research and field work to re-discover this music which was quickly being engulfed and lost by modern technology.

During the Fifties, folk music began to take hold in the larger cities, and although many of the leaders of the movement were still basically political in their direction, other elements started to come into the picture. People became increasingly interested in the music for its own sake, and young city kids started taking to the back roads of the Southern Mountains with their guitars and tape recorders to learn new songs and meet their new folk heroes.

These were basically idealistic young people, searching for some kind of heritage, at the same time rejecting middle-class America, parents, mass technology, bourgeois values, etc. They saw themselves as in a kind of musical vanguard, an exclusive and pure club, and part of the same revolution that brought them and countless others to the streets of Greenwich Village, Old Town, and North Beach.

By 1960 the revolution was on: folk songs were its anthems and folk singers were its leaders. It was not only political ideas that were being emulated by increasing numbers of kids, but a life style; anarchistic, revolutionary, and anti-establishment.

By the mid-Sixties folk music was a mass movement, but like everything else the radicals cherish in this country (including Che Guevara) it had been turned into a highly marketable item (co-opted is the term), and the market was suddenly flooded by the popularizers, mouthpiece vaguely liberal songs and statements about peace and brotherhood, and turning the folksong style into a bland, palatable synthetic. The urban folk song movement, which started out as a revolution against old values and political reaction, became nice and respectable.

One thing that should not be overlooked here, on the other side of the coin, is the reaction against the old-left political values on the part of many kids. Folk music had been used for so long by the left as a means of sloganeering and simplistic answers that they could no longer be thought to have any relevance. Singing "I Ain't Gonna Study War No More," or "Black and white together, We shall not be moved" (except perhaps in the context of direct political action), had become tired and even silly in the light of the experiences of this decade.

What was needed then was a new revolutionary music, a new anthem for rebellion and liberation (at least until it, too, is rendered meaningless), and Rock had everything that was needed: It was truly a people's music (therefore revolutionary), and it was definitely the antithesis of parental attitudes and approval. Loud, explicitly sensual, and implicitly anti-establishment, it was taken over by the Now Generation. What made it even more perfect was that the folk-singers and protest writers were finding in Rock a new outlet for their ideas, and there was born a kind of intellectual hard-Rock that has been termed, for lack of a better name, the New Music.

Another factor which is responsible, in part, for the move away from folk and traditional music and into the political or (later) personalized and introspective material which has characterized much of the current music is that of *relevance*. At one time we could somehow identify with certain past values and rural attitudes and experiences (an anachronism often discussed in "progressive" folk circles). After a time, though, it became evident to many of us that the experiences of an urban, white college kid did not qualify him to sing a southern Negro prison song in a convincing or artistically meaningful way. The song was certainly relevant to the Black man in Parchman Farm who sang it into the collector's tape recorder, and his performance may well have been powerful and inspiring. But in this age, there was too much on our minds relating to what is happening now to sing about what happened in some other time and place

(as universal a response as those sounds might have evoked) and this was where Dylan, Lennon, and those who followed made their great contribution. They took the folk (and rock) style, shaped it, and added the poetic and meaningful lyrics to which we could identify our lives and struggles.

We have not really been talking about *folk music*, i.e., American traditional music, but about its use by urban, non-folk (culturally speaking) performers and writers. Even from this point of view, folk music is not only alive, but is more influential than at any other time in our post-ethnic civilization. It is no longer a thing to be set aside and regarded as a museum piece by anthropologists, left-wing politicians, and old record collectors. Partly as a result of the seeds planted by the so-called folk revivalists and partly because of a new and widespread interest in Black music (especially R&B and its country roots), folk music and its influences have been incorporated into the total picture of American popular music.

People creating the music of today are propelled by the knowledge of many kinds of music, not the least of which is traditional Anglo- and Afro-American folk music. Most of the San Francisco groups have among them ex-fingerpickers and frailers, and the sounds at the bottom of their music are unmistakable. The Beatles have listened to Blind Lemon and Leadbelly; the Stones know Muddy and Wolf; the Grateful Dead, the Fish, Buffalo Springfield, and Canned Heat (whose name comes from an old K. C. Douglas blues) all have traditional music roots.

The Byrds are into country music now, and their most recent guitarist, Clarence White, is as near to an authentic traditional musician as you'll find. And all those blues bands! The children (self-adopted) of Albert King, B. B. King and Muddy Waters, who are themselves the children of Robert Johnson, Charlie Patton, Son House and Skip James.

The greatest thing that has happened to music today is that one may accept what is good without having to put self-conscious labels on it, and the bands are willing to go ahead and play what they feel. What American group with ears is not influenced by the Incredible String Band, or Pentangle, or even the Young Tradition, all from England, and all heavily under the spell of traditional music, in much the same way that the British groups were influenced by our blues and jug band music.

The band from Big Pink is about as funky as you can get, and I know they've done a lot of listening, especially to American country music. We can all listen to Doc Watson, or Bill Monroe, or Mississippi John Hurt, dig their music, and use it in our own way without cutting ourselves off from it because it is rough and unpolished. We have been educated now to see the power and beauty of traditional music, and we are much the wiser for it.

In a recent interview in *Sing Out!* Bob Dylan was asked whether there is much music that he hears nowadays that

—Continued on Next Page

reaches him. His answer says a lot, both about his own work and about where we should all be at in regards to music: "Those old songs reach me. I don't hear them as often as I used to. But like this other week, I heard on the radio Buell Kazee and he reached me. There's a lot . . . Scrapper Blackwell, Leroy Carr, Jack Dupree, Lonnie Johnson, James Ferris, Jelly Roll Morton, Buddy Bolden, Ian and Sylvia, Benny Fergusen, Tom Rush, Charlie Pride, Porter Wagoner, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. . . Everything reaches me in one way or another."

All of this is not to say that folk music exists today only as it is reflected in the pop scene. Folk music lives in many other forms of incarnations, many of them as traditional as you can get. People still flock to see bluegrass bands, old-time fiddle contests, country blues pickers, gospel shouters, and mountain balladeers, as well as the newer folk-pop singer-songwriter stars (10,000 people attended the Old Time Fiddlers' Convention in Union Grove, North Carolina, last spring, and this was just one of dozens of fiddlers' conventions held all over the U. S. and Canada; 515,000 attended the mammoth 1968 Folk Life Festival in Washington, sponsored by the Smithsonian and featuring only traditional folk music, arts and crafts.)

For many people folk music is still very much alive, but the situation is strange and antithetical. The "boom" is over, and a part of our musical history has disappeared (in terms of a mass scene) along with calypso and the twist. Millions have traded in their 5-string banjos for a Fender, and the work songs and ballads from out of our collective

past have been replaced by the Now sounds.

Many of the people who have been doing their thing for years, regardless of the commercial climate, continue to do it but are left out in the cold because there are no longer any places to play, outside of a scattering of struggling clubs and small concert series. (The festivals, as successful as they are, are seasonal, and pay very little anyway. The rest of the year is pretty dry.)

Many of the performers who were the backbone of what was called the folksong movement, and who were very influential to the commercial groups who *did* make a pile, are out of work and rarely heard from. Many traditional performers, "re-discovered" and thrown into the market place, have been dumped back on the farm (or wherever it was they came from) even though their contribution is still being felt. They are out of work just the same, and many are bitter about it.

The trouble is, we don't seem to have the ability to support different musical forms in our commercial world. Whenever a particular type of music becomes big, it is always at the expense of the others. All-or-nothing. In England, a folk singer does not have to have a song on the charts to be appreciated; he can make a decent living anyway, by playing the circuit of folk clubs and concert halls in which he can always find his audience.

Maybe this country is too vast and diffuse to be able to maintain this type of circuit, but it's what we're really lacking. (Not only for folk singers, but for jazz combos, chamber music groups, poets, and other specialized tastes.) There are some places scattered around the country which are trying hard, and

against great odds, to help fill this gap in our culture.

Israel Young, for instance, has been putting on the finest concert series ever seen in New York's folk world. Called The Folklore Center's Continuing Folk Festival, he has presented young and old, new and veteran talent, in informal settings that are perfect for this kind of music. His concerts are always in good taste, are inexpensive, often exciting, and are New York's only surviving showcase of folk, traditional, and contemporary singers and songwriters. If we could have this kind of thing in every large city in America, the talent that is everywhere in the folk scene would flourish, and much more of it would reach a mass market.

Despite the whims of the mass market, there are many groups and solo performers who, over the years, have carved a place for themselves in the scene, and somehow maintain a high level of popularity and respect. Pete Seeger is one who prevails despite trends and fads, and his personality and influence continue to be felt in many ways. Others who immediately come to mind are Jack Elliott, Lou Killen, Mike Cooney, Art Rosenbaum and Hedy West. These (and many others) do not make the charts, are not in demand in the large concert halls, and are known only to those who are really interested in what people in this field are doing.

But they are artists and each in his own special way has a great deal to say. The same can be said for groups, such as the New Lost City Ramblers who still play their own style of old-time string band music; the Pennywhistlers, singing their haunting and spine-tingling

songs from Eastern Europe; the Incredible String Band, making magic with their various voices and instruments; each is different and distinctive, and each is a valuable part of the folk scene.

There are also many young singers and songwriters (much more successful) who, although called "folk singers," actually defy any such classification. They are, though, worthy heirs to the title and should be treated in any discussion of what's happened to folk music; people like Jerry Jeff Walter, Arlo Guthrie, Joni Mitchell, Tim Buckley and Richie Havens, who are successful both in terms of a larger market and in terms of maintaining their own independence of identity. They have successfully fused the folk and the pop worlds with their own personalities, and have created a new, individual kind of folk music. Different, perhaps, than we used to imagine it, but real and very much alive, nonetheless.

So, the death of folk music is an illusion based on a false and inflationary situation. The "folk boom" of a few years back was an evolutionary step in an on-going process. The fact that it was buoyed by the hoopla and razzamatazz of the mass media does not make its existence, or its demise, any more significant than any other phase, except that a few people got their pockets lined, and many people got hurt when they fell off the band wagon.

Many others were confused as to what they were pledging their allegiance to, and felt deceived when the market swung away with the electric scene. The positive aspect is that what we are left with is an exciting new music based on many past experiences and influences, and a healthy respect for the traditional music from whence it all came.

JONI MITCHELL

Folk music, which pushed rock and roll into the arena of the serious with protest lyrics and blendings of Dylan and the Byrds back in 1964, has re-entered the pop music cycle. Once again, with a new crop of guitar-toting composer-singers at the vanguard, folk is "in."

As with country, jazz, and other rock music satellites, it is not 100 percent pure. Joan Baez is completely off of her abortive rock-album trip, but there's a solid country beat to her Dylan LP. Peter, Paul, and Mary couldn't have been serious singing "I Dig Rock and Roll Music"; nevertheless, they used a full complement of session men (and even backup voices) in their *Late Again* album. Dylan is back to the basics, leaving electronics largely to the boys in the Band, but his next LP—as with his *John Wesley Harding*—are Nashville-twanged.

The old names are back, but in more commercial regalia. Judy Collins, softened, orchestrated, countrified (and even, on national TV, miniskirted), is a regular chart item now, after years of limited success.

The music (someone called it "Art Rock," but that can be ignored) features a lighter, more lyrical style of writing, as exemplified by Leonard Cohen. As if an aural backlash to psy-ky-delick acid rock and to the all-hell-has-broken-loose styles of Aretha Franklin and Janis Joplin, the music is gentle, sensitive, and graceful. Nowadays it's the personal and the poetic, rather than a message, that dominates.

Into this newly re-ploughed field has stepped Joni Mitchell, composer, singer, guitarist, painter, and poetess from Alberta, Canada.

Miss Mitchell, a wispy 25-year-old blonde, is best known for her compositions, "Michael from Mountaintops" and "Both Sides Now," as recorded by Judy Collins, and "The Circle Game," cut by Tom Rush.

She has a first LP out (on Reprise). A second album—recorded during successful concerts at UC Berkeley and at Carnegie Hall—is ready for release, and another studio album has already been recorded. She is editing a book of poetry and artwork; a volume of her compositions will follow shortly. And she has received a movie offer (to conceive, script and score a film).

Not bad for a girl who had no voice training, hated to read in school, and learned guitar from a Pete Seeger instruction record.

Just who—and what—is Joni Mitchell, this girl who's so obviously perched on the verge?

To those who don't spend hours in audio labs studying the shades, tones, and nuances of the human voice, Miss Mitchell is just a singer who sounds like Joan Baez or Judy Collins. She has that fluttery but controlled kind of soprano, the kind that can slide effortlessly from the middle register to piercing highs in mid-word.

Like Baez, Miss Mitchell plays a fluid acoustic guitar; like Collins, she can switch to the piano once in a while. And her compositions reflect the influences of Cohen.

On stage, however, she is her own woman. Where Joan Baez is the embattled but still charming Joan of Arc of the non-violence crusade, and where Judy Collins is the regal, long-time lady-in-waiting of the folk-pop world, Joni Mitchell is a fresh, incredibly



BARON WOLMAN

beautiful innocent/experienced girl/woman.

She can charm the applause out of audience by breaking a guitar string, then apologizing by singing her next number a capella, wounded guitar at a limp parade rest. And when she talks, words stumble out of her mouth to form candid little quasi-anecdotes that are completely antithetical to her carefully constructed, contrived songs. But they knock the audience out almost every time. In Berkeley, she destroyed Dino Valente's beautiful "Get Together" by trying to turn it into a rousing sing-along. It was a lost cause, but the audience made a valiant try at following. For one night, for Joni Mitchell, they were glad to be sheep.

In Laurel Canyon, where she shares a newly-purchased house with Graham Nash, Joni sits on an antique sofa and bemusedly shrugs her shoulders. She is talking about an offer from a giant Hollywood film company to write a movie—"on any theme I want

to choose"—for a huge amount of money. She is talking about her book of poetry: "The poems are already written. It's just an eclectic collection of all kinds of things I've done that I don't know what else to do with them. I'm putting them into a book because I don't like to lose anything." And she is showing her artwork—fine pen-and-ink drawing; felt-pen watercolors; a self-portrait for her second LP cover. Some of these, too, will find their way into a Joni Mitchell book.

Whatever she's going to say next will be an understatement.

"I have so many irons in the fire now," she says.

Joni lives in a house filled with the things she loves. Antique pieces crowd tables, mantels, and shelves. There are antique handbags hung on a bathroom wall, a hand-carved hat rack at the door; there are castle-style doors and Tiffany stained glass windows; a grandfather clock and a Priestly piano. Nash is perched on an English church chair, and Joni is in the kitchen, using the only electric lights on in the house. She's making the crust for a rhubarb pie.

"Lately, life has been constantly filled with interruptions. I don't have five hours in a row to myself. I think I'm less prolific now, but I'm also more demanding of myself. I have many melodies in my mind at all times, but the words are different now. It's mainly because I rely on my own experiences for lyrics."

The difference in experiences is the difference between the urban centers of the east—Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, New York—and California, where she arrived late last summer.

"In New York, the street adventures are incredible. There are a thousand stories in a single block. You see the stories in the people's faces. You hear the songs immediately. Here in Los Angeles, there are less characters because they're all inside automobiles. You don't see them on park benches or peeing in the gutter or any of that."

Joni Mitchell, after schooling in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, wanted to be a commercial artist. She attended the Alberta College of Art in Calgary. While studying art, she took up the ukelele.

The guitar—with the Pete Seeger record—followed shortly. "But I didn't have the patience to copy a style that was already known." Joni dumped the record and learned guitar by experimentation, so that today she re-tunes her guitar after almost every song, and she plays direct harmony to her own singing.

Her vocal training was no less informal. "I had none. I used to be a breathy little soprano. Then one day I found that I could sing low. At first I thought I had lost my voice forever. I could sing either a breathy high part or a raspy low part. Then the two came together by themselves. It was uncomfortable for a while, but I worked on it, and now I've got this voice."

But the poetry—the writing. There must have been a solid literary background; some early influences and guiding lights.

"The only time I read in school was when it was compulsory, like for a book report."

Miss Mitchell reads more now than ever before. Herman Hesse is a favorite author; Leonard Cohen her favorite poet, with Rod McKuen also on her shelf.

In short, Joni Mitchell seemed almost totally unprepared for her jump into the United States folk

circuit in 1966. Further, "I started at a time when folk clubs were folding all over the place. It was rock and roll everywhere, except for a small underground current of clubs."

But Joni had been making the Toronto scene for more than a year by the time she hit Detroit, and she had written a number of good tunes. Tom Rush, in Detroit for a gig at the Checkmate, heard some of them and decided to record "Urge for Going" and "The Circle Game." Joni Mitchell had broken water.

She drifted to New York where, in the fall of 1967, she met her manager, Elliott Roberts. There, too, she met Andy Wickham. He signed her to Reprise.

Now, despite the current clamor for her time, Joni Mitchell looks forward to writing songs about "peaceful things."

In concert, she does a number called "Song for America":

*Why did you trade your fiddle for your drum?
We have all come to fear
the beating of your drum . . .*

And her first LP was produced by David Crosby, the politically-aroused ex-Byrd. "So I can't help but know what's happening. But I also know that I can't do a thing about it."

"It's good to be exposed to politics and what's going down here, but it does damage to me. Too much of it can cripple me. And if I really let myself think about it—the violence, the sickness, all of it—I think I'd flip out."

Joni Mitchell has arrived in America.

JUDY COLLINS

BY JIM BICKHART

Judy Collins wanders about her hotel room on a rainy afternoon, brown hair hanging straight down past her shoulders, attired as if she is planning on being a part of the audience at L.A.'s Shrine Auditorium. Guitar cases are all over the floor, every one closed.

"We've finally gotten around to putting together a *Judy Collins Songbook*," she says. "But it's more than just a songbook. It's a chronicle of my eight years as a recording artist, using pictures, artwork, sheet music and an autobiographical text . . . my part. As soon as I'm done, the whole thing will be ready for the printer. This week, it is my project to stay here and work on the text."

She answers a ringing telephone, then returns.

"Most everyone I know who has been recording any length of time have their own songbooks out. But a songbook is very little more than dead music if all it is is a collection of sheet music. We wanted more than that and I think we are going about it the right way."

"Writing an autobiography of my career is interesting for me," she continues. "I'm looking back at an era of great transitions in the music, and trying to find my place among them. I get to think everything out again and try to make some sense of it."

Looking back into Judy Collins' musical roots is looking back into her life, really. Her music and her commitment to it and to the life she leads are inseparable. Seattle-born, 28 years old, blue-eyed, she married her highschool boyfriend, gave birth to a baby boy in 1959, emerged into the scene as a "protest singer"—remember when they were called that?—in 1961, and in 1962, sadly, was divorced.

Her activity in the movement was undiminished. In 1964 she toured the South singing for the voter registration drive with Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs and others. A year later, she was performing at anti-Vietnam war demonstrations and anti-draft rallies as an expression of her pacifism, which verges nearly upon religion for Judy. It wasn't until two years ago that she began writing much of her own material, but these experiences are in her music today, stated and unstated.

The songbook, which is not to be published for several months, has taken a lot of her time recently. But Judy generally has other very important matters which also occupy her. And of late, these matters, which range from her stage act to her songs, have been taking her through changes.

"I used to think of myself as a story teller who happened to sing, but now it's different . . ." she once told somebody. An example of the difference relates to her musical accompaniment. From what was formerly an ever-changing array of quiet musicians, a small band has evolved. It includes a drummer, an electric bassist, a keyboard man, an occasional lead guitarist, and herself.

"I gathered my band as I ran across people whose talents and abilities I admired," she explains. "The group was originally created during the sessions for the last album. We later went on the road to play concerts."

"You can't force a group to stay together, no matter how much you would like them to. I recently had to find a new bass player, Gene Taylor; I suspect I'll need a new pianist and drummer someday too. That's the way that it goes. What I would really like to do is expand the band a bit. There's someone I know who plays flute, oboe and some other wind instruments. He would be nice to have with us. And we could use a permanent lead guitarist now that Steve Stills is working with David Crosby and Graham Nash. He used to sit in sometimes."

"The group allows you so much more versatility," she adds. "You can play a greater range of material, and it's more fun."

In finding new material, Judy is faced with one of her most important tasks. Her songs are an important indicator of how she changes, and she sometimes finds them in odd places at unexpected times.

"One night . . . in fact, it was early morning, and I was asleep . . . I received a phone call," she begins. "My friend told me I had to hear a song by Joni Mitchell, and sang it to me over the phone. I had met Joni, but I didn't know of her music. I listened as well as I could, half asleep. And I listened again at later times, when I was more awake. I'm glad I did."

"I sing Joni's songs because I like them immensely," she continues. "There doesn't seem to be anyone quite as good. Her lyrics are exquisite, and it all fits together."

But Judy Collins' new material is not only "Joni Mitchell's greatest hits." There are other sons from other sources.

"I have new songs offered to me every week. Here's one, for example, with a letter, sheet music and a demonstration record," she says. "The letter tells me how happy they are to see the success of 'Someday Soon,' which they also published. And they just happen to have a perfect new song for me. I can generally tell by reading the lyrics once or twice whether it is worth paying attention to. This one isn't."

"You can categorize the types of songs sent to me; sky songs, sea songs, rain songs, you've-come-to-take-me-away songs, I-gotta-get-out-of-this-place songs, and so forth. I don't like most of them," she adds.

"Beyond the lyrics, the demos also help. Demo arrangements are so barren that the song sticks out like a sore thumb; it has to stand on its own, and it shows if it's lousy. You can make a bad song sound okay by giving it royal treatment, but to me, that's a waste of time and energy."

She turns and throws the lyrics to the new song away. "We're working on new tunes from the Incredible String Band (source of 'First Boy I Loved') and John Braden. I usually have to go and find the songs I'll sing. They don't come in the mail like letters from home."

When, in 1967, Judy Collins began to develop a talent for writing songs, she discovered an important new source of material.

"I passed over some sort of barrier when I began to write," she notes. "But I can't really explain the feelings very well. The songs are only there occasionally, and it feels good to get them out when they are. But there's more to it than setting a poem to music, because lyrics are special poems. They have to be a part of the music. Unfortunately, I can't often write songs."

Albums are the enduring showcase for Miss Collins. In the years since 1961, she has recorded and re-

leased eight of them for Elektra Records. For those who don't see her in person, they are the only gauges for her progress, and the only way she can entertain them. The latest, *Who Knows Where the Time Goes?*, was recorded in Los Angeles last year.

"I lived in L.A. for a couple of months last summer to do the record," she says, before being interrupted by a messenger who arrives to pick up the laundry. Gathering clothes into pile doesn't take long, and she is quickly back to speaking of warmer, dryer days.

"There were three different temporary homes. The first was the best. I rented a house in Laurel Canyon. It was built around a pool, surrounded by hedges and trees, and was a perfect hideout. We rehearsed, goofed around, swam and had a fine time of it for a too short month."

"Next was a house north of Malibu. Being on the beach was nice, but it was so far away from the studio, and such a cold inhospitable house that I couldn't stay for long. I ended up at my old standby, the Hollywood Hawaiian Hotel."

"We spent the weekdays recording, mostly during daylight hours," Judy explains. "Weekends we were hopping around for concerts. When we weren't doing the record, we based ourselves back east, except for the bassist, Chris Ethridge. He stayed here and flew to the concerts. If he wasn't so 'hang-loose' about everything, I'm sure he would have gone off the deep end, running across the country each week like that. I know I would have, and I know of other touring people who are really strangely affected by that sort of living. Let them do too much traveling and you end up with a bunch of inane performers on your hands."

Returning to *Who Knows*, she states, "The album is a product of practicality. We arranged the backgrounds to fit the songs. I can only think of one thing recorded for this album which wasn't released. That's Joni's 'Chelsea Morning.' When something had to go, I looked at all the songs and picked the one which 'belonged' the least. Elektra has never given me any trouble with regards to what stays in and what goes. I've been in control on each album."

She once claimed the city as the location of her musical roots, and still does. But now, the pragmatism involved in arranging songs to get to their best side has allowed Judy Collins to inject a country and western flavor into some of her material. "As I said," she says, "the arrangements fit the songs."

The last remaining showcase for Judy is in live performance, and many weekends a year are spent in taking her show on the road.

"The concert I'm doing now is a good example of my feelings about performing," the songstress admits. "The songs are almost entirely from the last two or three albums. There aren't many things I can still stand to do after three or four years. I don't play the older ones because they aren't enough a part of me. 'Suzanne,' I suspect, is an exception, but there aren't many songs like that."

"I don't often like to fiddle around with the concert program," she says. "It is a self-perpetuating part of myself. We play almost every song we have rehearsed. There is no pot of thirty songs from which we pull twenty for any given night. Sometimes we change the playing order for effect, but that's all. It becomes a matter of getting up there and being ourselves as best we can and performing the tunes as we feel they should be performed."

And what of a rumor about motion pictures is Judy's future?

"I think that it would not be an unnatural step to move from being emotive on stage, through music, to being emotive through drama. They interplay. There's drama in my music, so I'm already sort of an actress. That's why I would like to see if I could make the changeover. I really want to do a film if I can find a dramatic script I like."

"I enjoy listening to all kinds of music. Classical, some jazz and folk, and I always like good rock . . ." she said, as the afternoon darkened gloomily. "When we formed the stage band, we thought it was a rock group. But I guess it really wasn't. We were new then. . . ."

"I'm continually preparing new albums, if only by changing outlooks and attitudes, and finding songs. But I can't put them out more than once every year or so and find them satisfying as a performer. They wouldn't be different enough. . . ."

"Of course, the songs change with time. 'Michael From Mountains' certainly is not a jazz song, but I'll agree that it almost sounds like one in concert nowadays. 'Both Sides Now' is different too. It partly depends on the musicians playing the songs with you. . . ."

"My biggest influence is eleven years of piano training. I want to use it more on the next record. . . ." She was seven when she began piano lessons. It wasn't until she was sixteen that she took up guitar, she said. Evening was setting in now.

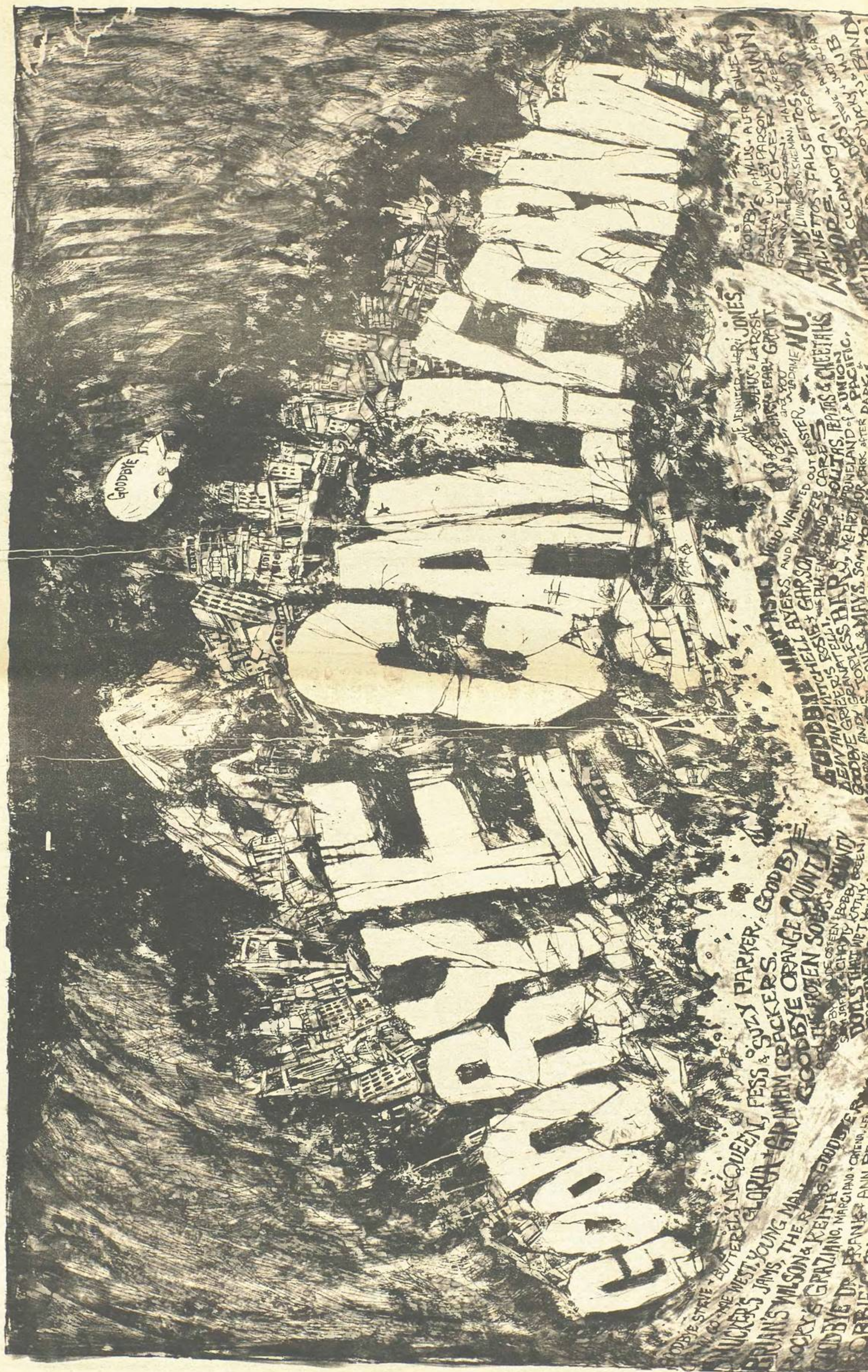
"New York is terrible. . . ." Judy used to live there but no more. Never again.

Finally, it was time for one last poke at the rain which has been recently inundating Southern California. "I always seem to bring it with me," she joked. "All the better excuse to hibernate and write." And then time for leave-taking.

Judy Collins returned to writing her account of the business as she has lived it. But the way things have sounded for those eight years, she has been doing the same thing with life through her songs. The same songs sound especially good on rainy days. It's only natural when someone sings sky songs and rain songs. A good rain always clears the air.



JOHN GRISMAN



[illegible]



WILLIAMS

BERKELEY DRIVES DEMONS FROM THE CHURCHES

BY CHARLES PERRY

Chanting "Power to the people—Out demons out," a group of radical Berkeley divinity students and sympathizers marched around buildings to "exorcise the demons in the Northside seminaries" on April 10th. It was the first exorcism of a religious place to be held in some time, at least in Berkeley.

In addition to the march around buildings with trumpets (following the example of that old-time, Old Testament activist Joshua) and exorcism ritual, the participants engaged in an evening-long rock dance/concert, with an intermission for films by the guerrilla film troupe Newsreel. It was a nice day for an exorcism.

The ritual itself was based on a text used at the massive Pentagon demonstration of October 21st, 1967. The minister who read it was the author of the original, Dick York (now Rev. Richard York, Episcopal) of the flamboyant Berkeley Free Church.

Minister: When the kings sold the poor for silver, Amos and the prophets said:

Congregation: Power to the people, out demons out.

Min: When Pharaoh offered concessions, Moses and his people said:

Cong.: Power to the people, out demons out.

Min.: When Jesus occupied the Temple, all his followers said:

Cong.: Power to the people, out demons out.

It was the response of a group of seminarians centered on the Pacific School of Religion campus, the New Seminary Movement, to the PSR ad-

ministration's sluggish reaction to their program for reorganizing seminary education.

Their plan would amount to reversing the relative emphasis currently placed on studying theology texts as against the needs of communities and congregations. Hence the freaks from the Free Church: hence the rock bands and revolutionary films.

The exorcism began with a march up Telegraph Avenue from the Free Church, in the Southside (undergraduate) neighborhood of Berkeley. The parade stopped off at Sproul Hall on the U.C. campus to exorcise that place for good measure, then proceeded into the staid gradstudent and faculty territory of the Northside hills in search of demons, waving freak flags high.

It should have been enough to shake the demons up some, used to seminary drab as they doubtless are: there were people in cowboy jackets, hippy bedspread saris, Salvation Army gypsy rags, and dazzling ecclesiastical regalia, as well as a range of ordinary student garb. There was little evidence of dope smoking, however. The Free Church reckons it can't get away with that (a great big sign on the portals of its ecclesia/crashpad warns "No Holding No Dealing No Using").

The exorcizers had partisans in various quarters. While concentrated at PSR, where the New Seminary Movement claims the sympathies of about a third of the students, at the Episcopal Church School of Divinity they were greeted by allies with buckets full of holy water who good-naturedly sloshed blessings over them.

At the seminaries a different exorcism was read: "Over our heads rises the tombstone of God; we stand in the cemetery operated by the prince of the demons, whose name is Religion." An appointed Lector read the part of the Sons of Man who enquire of demons, "pray, how can we stop our ears against the witness of history?" The demons reply: "Take the words spoken by that Energy whom we despise and acknowledge, and write them in a book; build a tower to reach the sky; put the book in the tower and set a priest of unclean lips to reading it for a people of unclean lips."

Then into the rock bands, mostly local Berkeley groups such as Lazarus and Maggie's Farm. Not ones to exclude non-Christians, the seminarians welcomed the San Francisco cult Messiah's World Crusade, who exhibited their family rock band and gave forth their hour-and-a-half rap about the coming of the flying saucers.

It had really started the night before, with a poetry reading in the Pacific School of Religion chapel that headlined well-known writers Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Denise Levertov, Stan Rice and Thom Gunn. The day after the exorcism saw more rock bands, dancing on the seminary lawns, kite flying, and Newsreel flicks of Che Guevara in Bolivia and the Haight Street Riots. It would have been a good day for an exorcism too, bright and sunny (bad weather for demons), but it was a superb day for those other things.

It was a seminary affair, of course, but the dissidents' community involvement program led them naturally to

enlist the aid of the Free Church, a radical "street ministry" in the South Campus area supported by local merchants and national boards of three denominations—United Presbyterian, Episcopal and Baptist. (It was also at one time supported by the Congregationalists, until they pulled out charging the Free Church with "neo-fundamentalism.") Free Church activities have been a fixture in Bay Area news since resident theologian John Pairman Brown visited Hanoi with Tom Hayden of SDS. Two young ladies of the church once sprayed red paint around a courtroom after a trial of draft resisters, were busted for it, put red dye in the San Francisco Federal Building fountains, were busted for it, and had several more run-arounds with the law.

"We're fighting a hypocritical liberal administration," said Wade Hudson, who sometimes leads NSM sensory awareness sessions. "Pacific School of Religion advertises itself as a concerned, relevant ecumenical campus in order to get students, but it's not so. We want to show the kind of thing that could happen here that hasn't touched the campus in the past."

By Monday the whole thing had developed along the lines of a confrontation at a secular college: Wade and five others had been cited by the seminary president before a Hearing Board he had established just three weeks before, and faced possible penalty recommendations ranging from reduced financial aid to expulsion. As in the Pentagon exorcism, the effects had not immediately made themselves noticeable.

Is your name Leonard Cohen?

From time to time you get the feeling that you want to disengage yourself from your life. Because you're no different from anyone else. And because your life is filled with the same love and the same hate and the same beauty and the same ugliness as everyone else's.

You want to withdraw into some kind of solitary contemplation—a locked room or a quiet corner of

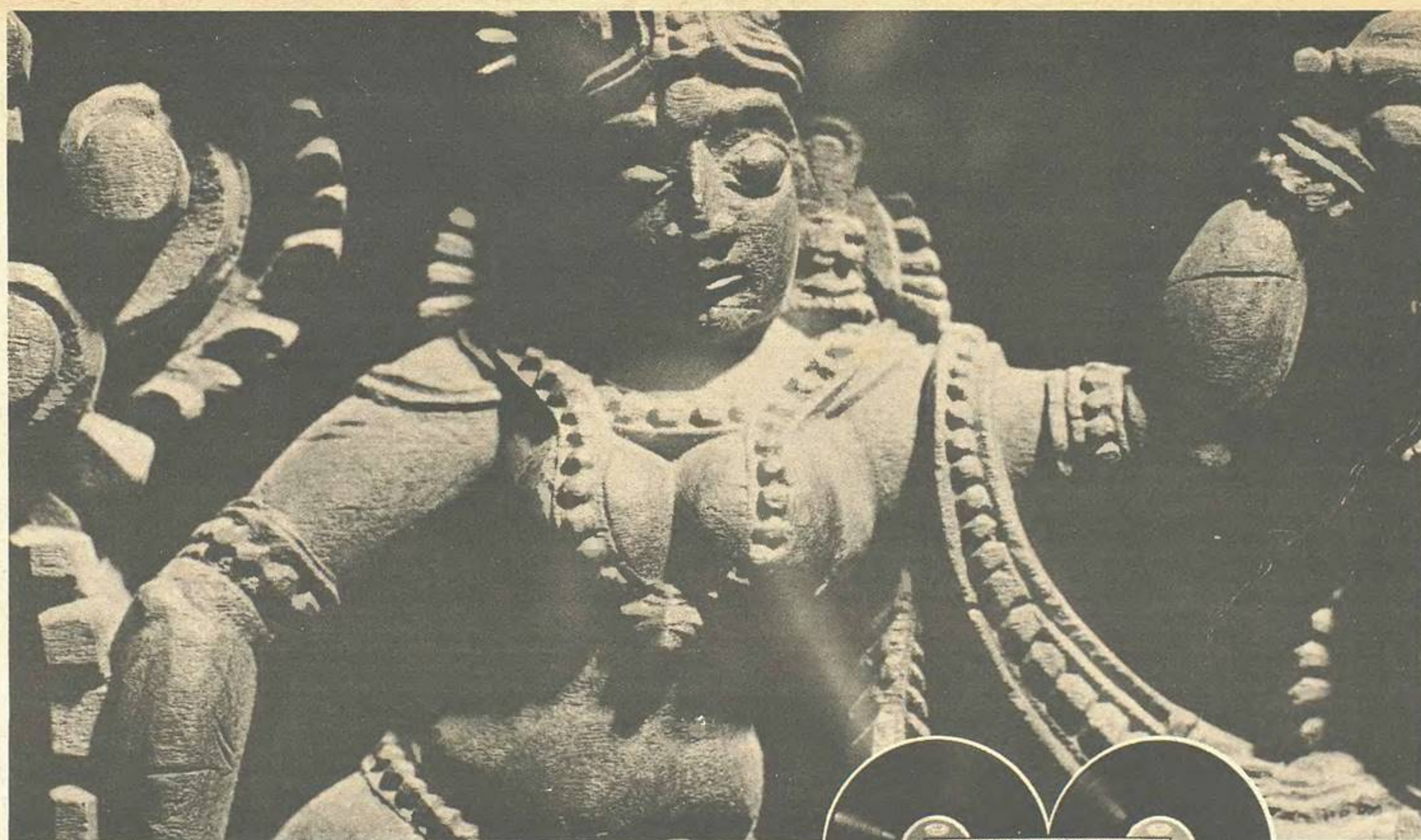
your mind—just to think about everything for a while. You. Her. It. That. Them.

If you put it all down on paper, according to a form of meter and line, you're called a poet.

And if you're a poet who sets it all to music, then your name is Leonard Cohen.

And this is your second album of—for want of a better word—songs.

And these are your songs from a room.
On Columbia Records™



LOOSEN UP NATURALLY with THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN

their first album—so much to say it took 2 LP's (but it's priced like one)...on records...on tape...on Capitol.







LARRY CORYELL

BY PHILLIP ELWOOD

"What I am is a guitar player, and what I want to be is a better guitar player." Larry Coryell—talking, musing, listening, looking at his delicious bride of four months. This is Larry Coryell who, in 1966 at age 23 was being proclaimed as the young messiah who was to lead the faltering world of jazz music back into the fold of mass popularity.

Now, a couple of years older, Coryell is leading his own little group, trying new sounds and ideas (brilliantly) and avoiding categorization.

"Me, make jazz popular? No, of course not, I couldn't have done that anyway," Coryell commented. "But some writers and critics thought because I'd come out of a broad musical background that I was going to change the world. I'd played some country and western around Seattle, where I'm from, and a good deal of rock in Seattle, and New York, and had always been a jazz fan, and player, so some people thought I would combine them all and be the leader of the new music."

"I didn't go to New York for any reason other than to hear great musicians. Guitarists, and horn-men, and bands. You gotta listen all the time, and hear the best there are, and learn. So many of today's guitarists, and I mean in the rock bands, and probably I mean most of them, just don't know a damn thing about their instruments, or even what a guitar sounds like."

"When I was playing with Gary Burton's quartet we shared a concert with one of the big rock groups. Hit records, fat contracts, you know; and pretty nice guys. But they couldn't tune up. They tried to get everything together and thought they had, but they weren't in tune, or balanced. They just didn't know, or maybe care, about getting everything right."

Coryell is soft-spoken, a little uncertain, thoughtful, sensitive, and doesn't claim to have the world, or his life, figured out yet. His single determination is to be a better guitarist, and have a free enough life to allow his wife, Julie, 21, to pursue her artistic bent as an actress and composer.

Julie (who's expecting their first child in October) had never played any sort of music before she met Larry. But she has since learned piano and has taken to writing songs which Coryell really digs. He regularly performs two of them and is working up others for the group's repertoire.

Coryell has a musician's most valuable possession: a distinctly personal, identifiable instrumental sound.

Strangely when he's in a "jazz" context he sounds like a refugee from rock; when he's working with primarily rock groups, he sounds sophisticated, "jazzy."

And often as not there are bits of country twang and bite on top of it—because Larry Coryell comes from all those places.

He was born in Texas, lived there for his first seven years, and along the way learned to pick out country-type tunes on his ukelele. All the while he was growing up he was "a country boy, a real hick, man," in his own words. At age seven, Coryell's family picked up and moved to Richland, Washington, which is 40 miles northeast of Walla Walla. Or, to put it another way, 220 miles southeast of Seattle. "I was never more than a hundred yards from the Columbia River. It was really out there. I didn't know what jazz was." More country music.

Indeed, Coryell was 16 or so before he got very seriously into guitar playing, and it was after he got to the University of Washington at Seattle in 1961, that he began to play jazz and rock professionally.

In those days, the concept of jazz-rock (or rock-jazz) did not exist. Coryell would play rock and roll gigs during regular hours, then jazz after hours. Jimi Hendrix had split Seattle by the time Coryell got there, but he did perform and jam with many of the same musicians Hendrix had known, most notably Marcus Doubleday (ex-Electric Flag, recently playing trumpet in Janis Joplin's band).

Occasionally, Coryell would even take a country-style gig in Seattle. So it's easy to see how his musical conception developed. Unlike many musicians who have to work at fusing various styles, Coryell just grew up that way. What he plays sound like Coryell.

His guitar timbre is firm, biting. Head thrown back, glasses steaming up, Coryell sets his feet apart and wails. When he turns completely on, Coryell's impression is like biting into a candy bar that still has the tinfoil on it. He unnerves a listener, compels careful listening, and consistently rewards with carefully thought out lines.

He's as good an accompanist as he is a soloist, as full in ensemble as out-front. He has a bell-like tone in the pianissimo passages that is particularly attractive, probably from his work with vibist Burton.

Like any good artist, Coryell is assertive, never irrelevant. His sound might be compared with, say, Clapton, or Winwood, or Steve Miller or Barry Melton, but his approach, his conceptions, are far less blues-oriented, and are thus considerably broader—in style, and potential appeal.

Like most of the young musicians who have emerged in the creative music scene in recent years Coryell is not particularly interested in labeling musical styles—such as "jazz" or "rock." He identifies jazz by specific identifications, not by general descriptions of mood, or rhythm.

"What I mean by jazz," he says, "is Miles Davis, or Charlie Parker, or Jack deJohnette, the drummer. Now, there's a guy, deJohnette, a guy who is always playing jazz. No matter who he was playing with, Jack would make them sound like jazz."

"And I also think of certain tunes as a 'jazz' tune. The changes are more imaginative than most old popular tunes, and much more complicated than rock-blues tunes."

"I guess that's it: jazz people are musicians of tremendous integrity. They never stop creating, and they have the technique to go completely outside. Like, listen to rock groups when they have jam sessions. They get into some blues things but most of them just don't have the musical background or technique or the ideas to go anywhere, or provide interesting listening for someone who's listening closely."

"And I don't think the extra-loud freak-out sounds prove anything either; they're affectation, a part of show-biz and the pop-star syndrome, not music."

Coryell shows no hostility as he says this. He was concerned, he said, that he might sound as if he was putting-down the rock scene, and experimenters with electronic sounds. But he had some stern things to say, nevertheless.

"The trouble is that most electronic musicians don't really learn music. They don't take lessons, they don't read music; they hear records and copy them; hear some live artists and imitate them, but they don't really get into their own thing at all. It isn't exactly the blind leading the blind but it's created a pretty limited field of pop music."

"And, of course, that's why the Beatles are great, and Dylan . . . you know the ones. My bassist Chris Hills is another. These people work in new fields of sound, breaking the bounds of the blues patterns, varying the rhythm."

In the near future, Coryell and ex-Cream bassist Jack Bruce have plans to collaborate, possibly to tour, with a band playing their music—the new music that aims for the best of both jazz and rock. Coryell is, of course, aware of the criticism that Bruce was not the ideal rock bassist because his lines were so complex and free-flowing, a sort of rock equivalent of the late jazz bass pioneer Scott La Faro. "Yeah, well, there's a lot of people in the ballrooms," says Coryell, "who see a band and don't even know who's playing what sound. They're just after something simple that will give them a certain vibration."

"Jack Bruce doesn't play that way. But he's—well, he's a great musician, a great bassist, and he's really into all kinds of music. It isn't exactly right to label him as a rock and roll player because what he plays is music. Just music. No labels."

This could as easily apply to Coryell.

When Coryell played in the 1966 group the "Free Spirits" around New York, there was praise in some

circles that this was a "jazz-rock" group. And much of the jazz press thought it was the beginning of a jazz renaissance.

"Oh, no, not at all," commented Coryell. "We were just using some different sounds, and the jazz people hoped we'd introduce jazz to the rock fans; that's all. On the other hand, to call rock the jazz of today isn't the whole story, either. I think the free-jazz, you know, the free-blowing stuff like Archie Shepp or Pharoah Sanders, or the Aylers, play . . . I think lots of their music is really a reaction against rock. An intentional resistance toward any attempt to combine rock and jazz."

Perhaps this isn't just a musical independence that the new-thing jazzmen wanted, but perhaps a racial segregation, too?

"Well, maybe, there is sure some of that feeling around. And why shouldn't the jazz musicians resent some of the rock bands—especially the white groups? Most black jazz musicians around New York don't work regularly. But they know that young white rock groups who don't know their ass about playing their instruments get on a stage and go through an hour of playing blues chords and singing lyrics they copied off of rhythm and blues records, and those kids get thousands of dollars a night. And big record contracts . . . Why shouldn't the jazz guys blow mad?"

Coryell these days is playing pretty far-out stuff himself. While with Gary Burton's eminently musical jazz quartet, Coryell had the full range of expression in all categories except volume and purely electronic experimentation.

"Gary's an unbelievable technician on the vibes, and because of that he can do almost anything he wants, musically. He bends the notes (which made him capable of duetting with me when I bent the guitar lines) and plays four-mallet material, mixes rhythms. But his concepts, as a vibist, just aren't the same as mine, as a guitarist. When I left Gary it was because we were both interested in changing sounds. As a matter of fact I don't think permanent groups, and group-sounds, are as important as they used to be."

"I just got through months of recording, making a tape of what I had to say on a whole bunch of instruments. The final tape, which was made on 12-track equipment, is the result of playing each instrument myself, then over-recording, mixing; editing, balancing—it's something that I could not possibly recreate in live performance. Most recordings, these days, cannot be played in person by the bands who made them."

"So trying to establish a solid, permanent group, or group-sound, doesn't make much sense. But, of course, a group in live performance can have all kinds of kicks just interrelating musically on stage. Like my trio, now: we like to hear each other. We get tremendous inspiration, right in a club, because we dig each other's sounds so much."

"I sing sometimes because I feel like it, and I switch amplifiers, because I like different sounds at different points in a performance, or even in the same tune."

Chris Hills plays both stand-up string bass and the electric bass-guitar with the Coryell trio. Bobby Moses is the drummer.

A typical set of about an hour consists of some old pop tunes with interesting lines (like "Stella," "Autumn in New York") on which Coryell was dominant, Moses quite radical and Hills beautifully conservative. Then they'd get into more esoteric material, perhaps an Ornette Coleman line or one of Hills' many originals, and finally turn up the amps, throw back their heads, and dive into a hard blues that shakes the surrounding countryside and sends vibrations and waves all through the hilly bay-side Sausalito community, north of San Francisco, where the Trident club is located.

Citizens' complaints quieted some of the trio's exuberance after the first few nights but it was more than fun while it lasted—it was great three-part music. Perhaps experimental-sounds is more accurate.

"There is so much more to be done with music," continued Coryell, "and I'm anxious to get a life for myself that will let me get into more things. Of course it's fun to jam on the blues, but there is a lot more to music—and the guitar—than that."

Most writers note that Coryell has suggestions of older guitarists like Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian in his playing. "Of course I do, but not consciously; I don't decide that I'm going to use this Christian riff here, or a Django run there. I dig lots of musicians—Hendrix, Clapton, Elvin Bishop . . . and people that the rock audience probably don't know much about: Tal Farlow, Grant Green, and Charlie Parker. Or how about Herbie Mann's guitarist, Sonny Sharrock—there's a guy that does play black-oriented blues, rock, and jazz stuff. Whew!"

"But for me, I haven't even dug into learning classical guitar yet, but I've got to if I'm going to be a fine guitarist. And there are lots of electronic sounds that haven't been used properly yet. When I play my own one-man tape back I hear all kinds of sounds that I want to work further with. So, you see, I don't really worry much about what style or category I'm put in, I just want to play my music . . . for myself, and everyone who'll listen."

Coryell is prominently featured on several Gary Burton RCA Victor albums:

Duster (LSP 3835).

Lofty Fake Anagram (LSP 3901).

In Concert (LSP 3985).

Genuine Tongue Funeral (LSP 3988).

And on these recent releases, where his is heard in extended solos:

Arnie Lawrence (Project 3 LP 5028).

Count's Rock Band, Steve Marcus (Vortex 2009).

Jazz Composer's Orchestra of America, Michael Mantler (JCOA LP 1001/2).

BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE

FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

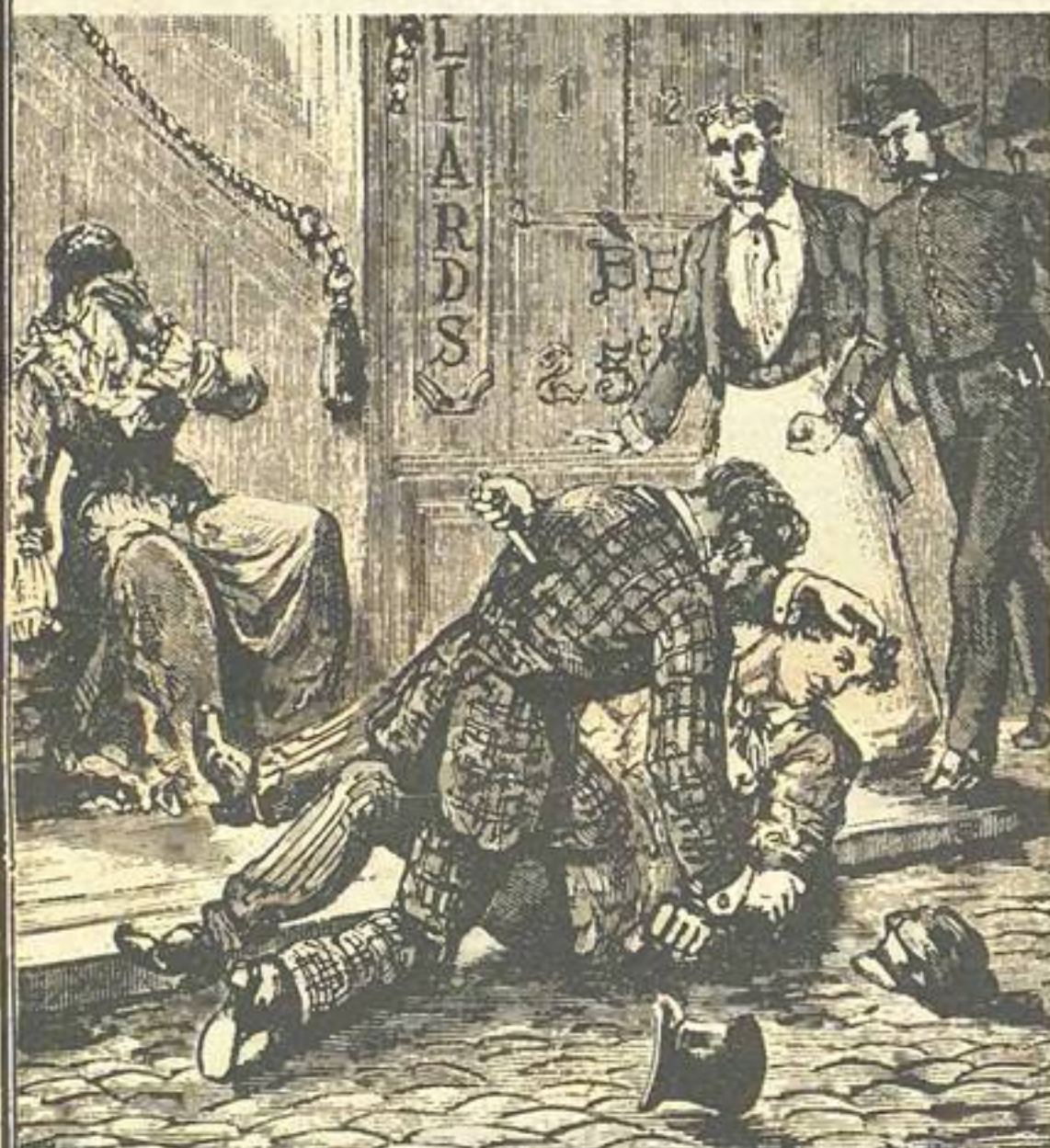
THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO



Sir Edwin Fuzz enjoying an hour of leisure in his London Club. Foremost narcotics expert of the United Kingdom and sleuth *par excellence*, he reads, unaware of the impending significance for himself, stories of the sudden outbreaks of violence ravaging the streets of New York. . . .

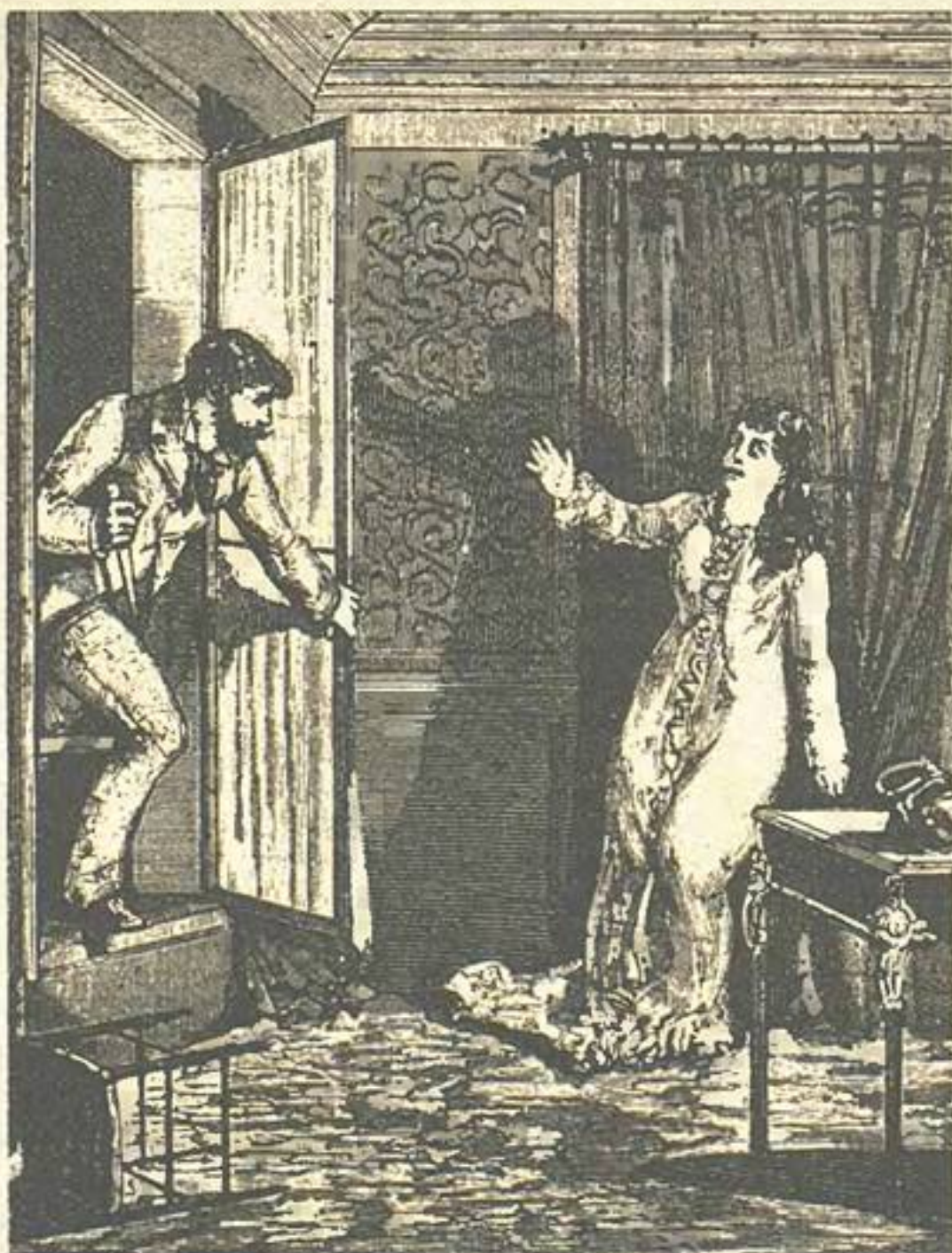
Wilful murders. . . .



Brutal knifings. . . .



Sudden deaths due to narcotics. . . .



Odious rape and theft. . . .





And the most hideous case of the swollen corpse: death induced by an overdose of heroin. Faced with an outbreak of criminality which reached Gargantuan proportions, the New York police, their back against the wall, had no recourse but wire an urgent message to Sir Edwin Fuzz requesting his services to help them smash the drug ring responsible for all this mayhem.

Continued Next Issue

BOOKS



Planet News (1961-1967), Allen Ginsberg, City Lights Books, San Francisco, California 114 pp., \$2.00.

By JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

Allen Ginsberg is the Frank Zappa of American letters—older perhaps but nonetheless gloriously profane, hairy, benevolent, perverse and without question a first rate artist. Angry and outspoken in the Beat Fifties, he became the conscience-eye of a country, tribal elder to the war baby generation, and almost by chance, a multi-media presence.

There he is in *life*, having coffee with corn belt coeds at the University of Kansas, looking academic and residential or standing in the background of *Don't Look Back*, talking to someone while the protagonist deals cut cards in synchopation to "Subterranean Homesick Blues." He is advisor and confidant to the Hells Angels, a roly-poly celebrant at a mammoth Golden Gate Park Be-In, a correspondent at the Democratic convention flashing a V-sign to watching millions. They love him on the Merv Griffin Show and hate him at the Department of Defense—a ubiquitous, benign Brooklyn uncle Santa Claus—America's most important poet.

Planet News is a collection of 41 poems written during seven years of the Sixties. All have been previously published in scattered periodicals throughout the world but several have been revised "in a manner similar to manicuring grass, that is, the removal of seeds and twigs, and, but, ors, especially of those that don't contribute to getting the mind high." The resulting syntactical cleanliness enhances the strange godliness of Allen Ginsberg. Sharing his vision, even in its sometimes irrational, fragmented form, is rewarding.

The chronological order of the poems supplies the book's only linear dimension—a reflection of Ginsberg's unceasing travels. The voyage begins in New York, stops briefly in the Mediterranean, the Sea of Galilee and India; then to Asia to be interrupted by moments of intense self-realization on a Tokyo-bound train. A six-month tour of Soviet bloc countries is followed by a stay in London, then a long sojourn from the west coast through Kansas, back to New York, on to Wales, and a final, fitting, return to North American shores to exorcise the evil presence within Pentagon walls.

Mood and style vary considerably, shifting from lucid, tactile description to rambling and introspective associations. The book's featured poems, "Television Was A Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber" and "Wichita Vortex Sutra," embody both characteristics. Each work is monumental in significance. Less staggering but no less vivid are moments excerpted from a party at Ken Kesey's, a Warsaw cafe, Carmel Valley and the author's own hypnagogic landscape.

The most successful poems really do get the mind high. Ginsberg has a remarkable ability to share sensation so completely that the eye is unaware of its dependence on the printed word.

Still night. The old clock ticks, half past two. A ringing of crickets awake in the ceiling. The gate is locked on the street outside—sleepers, mustaches, nakedness, but no desire. A few mosquitoes waken the itch, the fan turns slowly—

*a car thunders along the black asphalt
a bull snorts, something is expected—
Time sit solid in the four yellow walls . . .*

(From "Last Night In Calcutta")

The Ginsberg vision is polished, precise and funny in "Portland Coliseum":

*Apparition, four brown English jacket christair boys
Goofed Ringo battling bright white drums
Silent George hair patient Soul horse
Short black-skulled Paul wit thin guitar
Lennon the Captain, his mouth a triangular smile,
all jump together to End some tearful memory song ancient two years. . . .*

Yet that same vision encompasses the spectre of a sick, paranoid society in "Television Was A Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber," written in 1961. It is lengthy, prophetic and disassociative—a ghastly portrait of "America for All" formed by the steady, almost hypnotic accretion of detail, often incomprehensible, yet brought into clear focus in its totality. The executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Carl Chessman elicit a bitter, anguished denunciation:

*the Soul of America died with Chessman—strange
saintly average madman driven to think for his own
killers, in his pants and shirt with human haircut,
said NO to—like to Cosmic NO—from the One
Mouth of America speaking life or death—looked in the eye of America—*

While "TV Baby" excoriates a depraved society, Ginsberg is no less inclined to come to terms with himself. In "The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express," he conveys a sense of the dialectic in his own spirit. Penumbrae of cosmic energy alternate with fetid pubic descriptions. Humanity is recapitulated in the mind—a reservoir of archetypes of a collective unconscious. It is a comedown—an introspective, almost solipsistic poem—not

clearly perceived—but somehow communicated.

It all comes together in "Wichita Vortex Sutra," not a vision of America, but a tragic reality. Ginsberg describes it as "a mind collage and keystone section of progressively longer poem on 'These States.'" But it stands by itself, a carefully pieced together mosaic of Kansas—the fertile heartland which yields its harvest of youth to the mill of the gods:

*While the triangle-roofed Farmer's Grain Elevator sat quietly by the side of the road
along the railroad track
American Eagle beating its wings over Asia
million dollar helicopters
a billion dollars worth of Marines who loved Aunt Betty
Drawn from the shores and farm shaking from the high schools to the landing barges blowing the air through their cheeks with fear
in Life on television. . . .*

The road to Wichita is traveled slowly. Each image; each sound burns leisurely into consciousness. The momentum builds until the city appears gradually on the far, flat horizon, not a miasmic phantom skyline, but a real, almost touchable entity at the center of a vast continental vortex:

*Is this the land that started war on China?
This be the soil that thought Cold War for decades?
Are these nervous naked trees & farmhouses
the vortex
of oriental anxiety molecules
that've imagined American Foreign Policy
and magick'd up paranoia in Peking
and curtains of living blood surrounding far Saigon?*

In its honesty and immediacy, "Wichita Vortex Sutra" is the cry of a generation. As a poem it establishes Allen Ginsberg as a poet of the first magnitude. And as a book *Planet News* is a beautiful experience in sharing one man's vision of humanity.

And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and Man became a living soul.

GENESIS 2:7



MAN
INCLUDING BROTHER JOHN
SLEEPY EYES AND BUTTERFLIES
FAR TOO MANY CHANGES CAME
SISTER SALVATION/O.CHILD IN TIME

On Columbia Records

Between 11pm and 9am play Donovan.



Terry Reid and Kak should be played at a reasonable hour, only.

At an unreasonable volume, only.

Terry Reid is the man Jeff Beck called "the biggest thing to happen since the Beatles." His first album, produced by Mickie Most, captures the raw excitement of Terry and his trio. But you've got to play it loud to appreciate the "diamond-hard English rock" with "knock-down impact" that the reviewers are talking about.

Kak is the sound of pre-cataclysm California. Their music sounds as hard as their name. And, like Terry Reid, their music seems to turn itself up, almost automatically. It was played loud in our studio, and it wants to be played loud in your home. So save it for early evening listening. When your neighbor is watching the fights, or beating his dog.

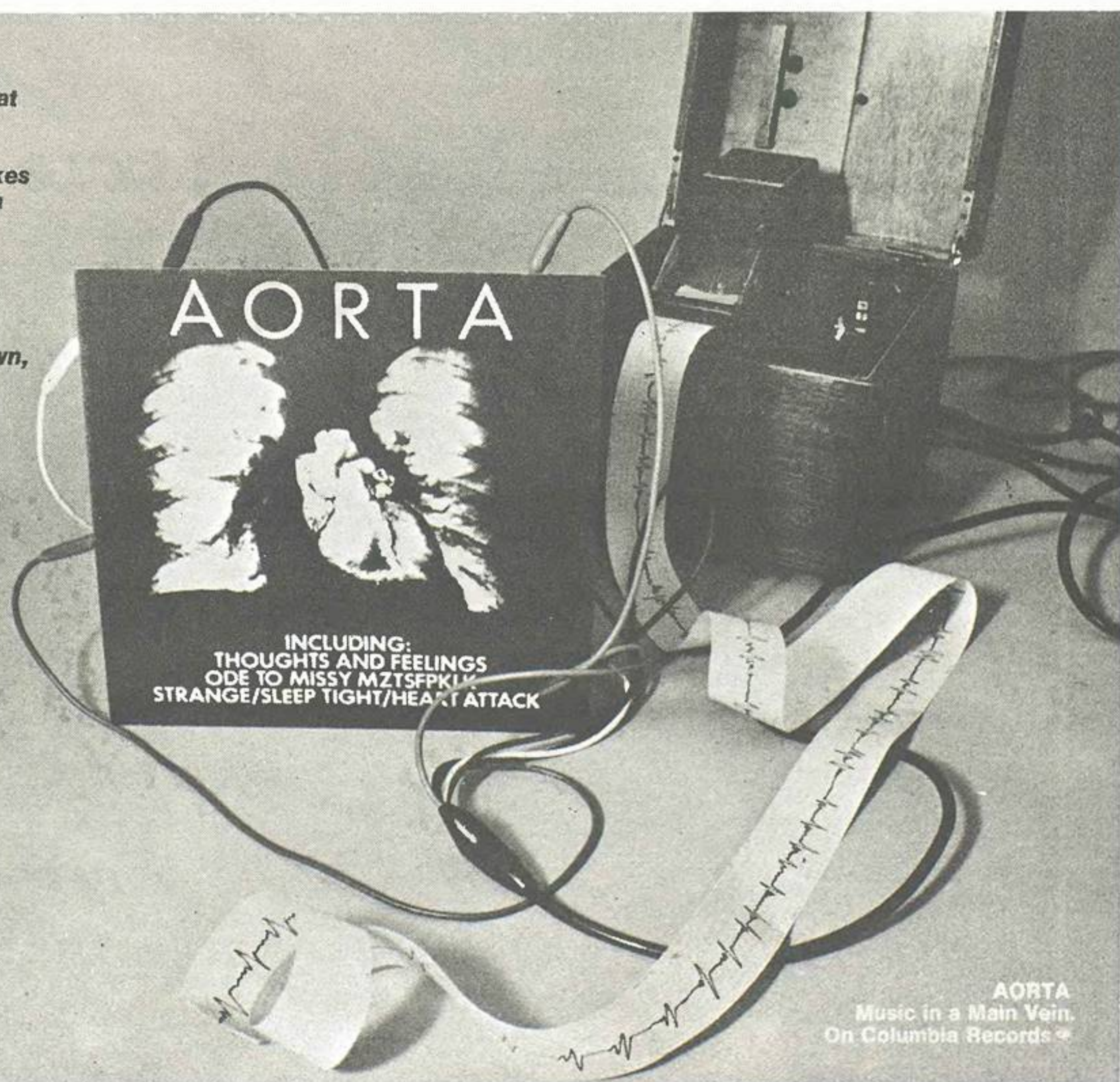
Meanwhile, enjoy Donovan.



On EPIC Records

©"EPIC", Marca Reg. T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

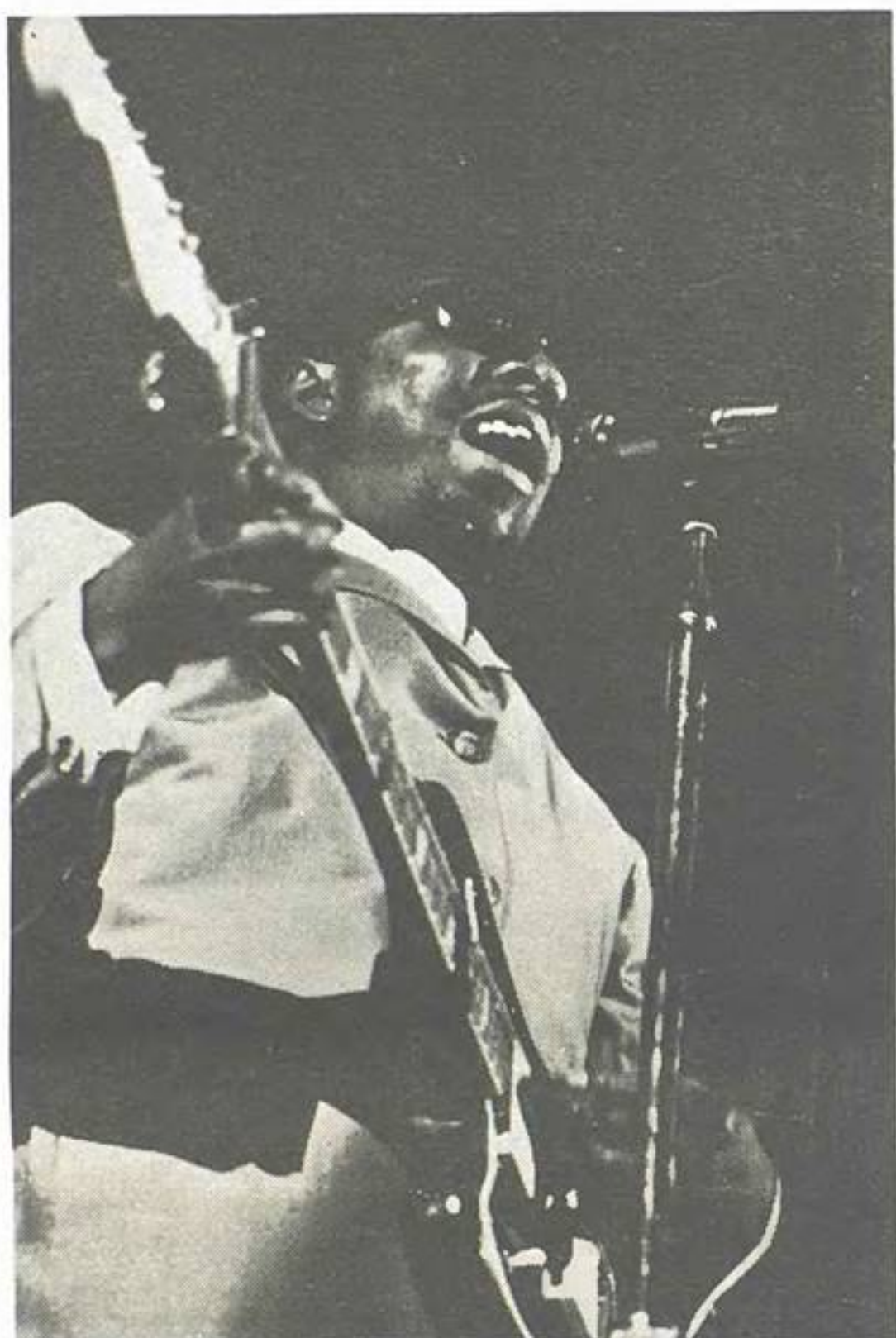
The Chicago heart pumps out a stream of anti-life corpuscles that rush through the Main Vein, searching for a place to hide. AORTA feels every pulse and takes the flow and purifies it. There is a rush of new Thoughts and Feelings that say:
Feeling rather high,
Feeling rather high,
Feeling rather high,
And I'm never coming down, down, down, down, down



AORTA
Music in a Main Vein.
On Columbia Records

©"COLUMBIA" MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

This is Clarence Carter

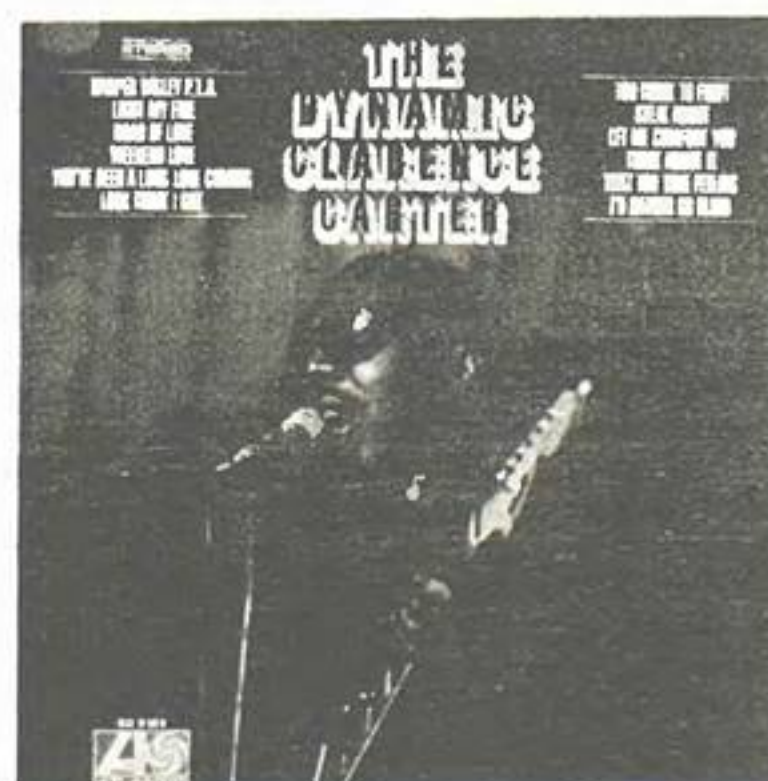


He Sings Blues

The real blues. Blues that tell of love, its pain, its joy. These are the kind of songs contained in Clarence Carter's new Atlantic album "The Dynamic Clarence Carter." Songs like *Road Of Love*, *I'd Rather Go Blind*, *Too Weak To Fight*, *Think About It*, and *Light My Fire*.

Clarence Carter sings them with such emotion that he reaches out and touches you with every word.

That's Clarence Carter...blues singer.



Outside Agitators Prop Up L.A.

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—Seasoned dance and concert promoters from Miami, Chicago and San Francisco—the last being the Fillmore's Bill Graham—have entered the sagging Los Angeles night club scene in recent weeks, creating a healthier rock prognosis than has existed in nearly a year.

There are clubs still in trouble and the recent past is scarred with ugly police and legal harassment, but to the surprise of most observers, generally the picture looks promising.

Graham is handling all the booking for Scenic Sounds, concert promoters who recently left the Shrine Exposition Hall in downtown Los Angeles for the Rose Palace in Pasadena; the owner-operators of the Kinetic Playground in Chicago hope to reopen the old Cheetah on the Venice beach by June; and Marshall Brevitz, original operator of Miami's Thee Image (site of the Doors' last controversial concert), has reopened a defunct Sunset Strip club, calling it Thee Experience.

Scenic Sounds was reorganized in early March, after months of squabbling between promoter-partners, with everyone but Tom Nieto, the president, pulling out. This included the Doors, who had provided the original financial support, and Bill Siddons, the Doors' manager. About the same time, police cracked down in the Shrine, arresting about 50 youngsters on curfew violations, another dozen, including Charles Lloyd and James Cotton, on dope charges. The drug charges were dropped, but Scenic Sounds was denied a permit to continue holding dances in the hall.

It was as Scenic Sounds moved to Pasadena that Graham arrived. "Just say I'm helping them," Graham said. "I'm helping Tommy (Nieto) do the booking. He'd had some troubles with the agencies there and so I'm doing all the booking for him. I don't think he's gotten a fair shake of late. I think I can do more than he can now. Later hopefully he can take the whole thing back again."

Graham says he is not receiving anything in return for this advice and services. "I am not involved in the financial picture in any way," he said. "I am not getting paid. Absolutely not."

Graham also denied he had any interest in expanding his ballroom empire beyond its present San Francisco-New York environs. He admitted looking at a roller rink in nearby Culver City recently, claimed he had done that for a friend. (Culver City fathers express a definite lack of interest in young people, rock and roll, and the mixture of the two.)

"There will be no Fillmore South," Graham said.

Although the audience has gotten less "hip" since making the move to Pasadena, the concerts have been quite successful. Up to 10,000 a two-day weekend have trooped to the airplane hanger-like garage where the Rose Bowl parade floats are made—despite a 12:30 Pasadena curfew and prices which recently jumped to \$4.50 at the door.

Acts set to appear at the Rose Palace in May and June include the Collectors, John Mayall, Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, Julie Driscoll, Credence Clearwater Revival and the Who. The city, presently claiming 10% of the gross as rent, starts building Rose Bowl floats in the place again in November.

Chicago's Kinetic Playground, on the other hand, has no one booked... and according to a spokesman for Aaron Russo, president of the Playground corporation, the ballroom may not be reopened at all.

It is explained that so many individuals and firms have owned, leased and/or operated the former Cheetah (prior to that, the old Aragon Ballroom), and the adjacent Pacific Ocean Park (an amusement park) has gone bankrupt so often, there is some real question as to who actually owns the property and might serve as a legal landlord.

Equally important in deciding whether or not the Kinetic Playground comes to L.A. are the neighbors—several hundred of whom signed a petition to rid the shabby section of Venice of the Cheetah nearly a year ago. Since then, there has been increased police harassment of young people on the Venice beach and promenade, while neighbors



The Southside Fuzz—riding the crest of a pretty shakey wave

have only reinforced their apparent hatred of youth and rock.

All of which is holding up Russo's getting a necessary entertainment license. Originally, the 7500-capacity club was to open in May. Now Russo is hoping for June.

Meanwhile, back on the Sunset Strip... Marshall Brevitz is quietly running Thee Experience. He came to L.A. after serving seven weeks as the original operator of Miami's Thee Image and three more weeks running a larger club called The Real Thing, leaving Florida after his license had been canceled. He says it took him five months to collect backing for Thee Experience, opening the small (capacity about 300) club in middle March.

Food prices in the club are high, but everything else seems about right. The tab at the door is \$2 during the week, \$3 weekends—half price after 12:30, and all-day Sunday jam sessions have included the Grateful Dead, Steve Miller, Eric Burdon and members of Steppenwolf, Black Pearl and Iron Butterfly. The modest light show, by Athanor Visual Team, is also one of the best in town.

Brevitz says the club's policy is "if you have the bread, please pay because the club needs it desperately—if not, be my guest." Scheduled acts have included Slim Harpo, Chicago Transit Authority, Blues Image and Alice Cooper.

In other sectors of the sprawling Los Angeles basin, there have been other motions toward reinstating the rock performance scene. Dick Clark recently took over a Studio City club that had previously been the Cinnamon Cinder, then the Magic Mushroom—calling it the V.I.S. Club and booking all country acts. Another San Fernando Valley club, Mr. Benjamin's, has been the place for new acts—such as C. K. Strong, South Wind and the Flying Burrito Brothers. And the Free Press has announced a series of monthly free concerts on the Venice beach, running from April through August.

Los Angeles had long been a city that had only sporadically ever supported a scene after dark—the city being too spread out to make night-clubbing convenient; "Los Angeles is a city that wouldn't get out of bed to watch Moses wrestle a bear" is a cliché-joke rooted in reality.

Los Angeles also had been grouped, concerted and night clubbed to death in recent years, and after seeing the biggest, brightest names at least three times, not many were willing to drive between 10 and 50 miles to fight for a parking place to see the same act another time.

It was also felt that the groups, through their booking agencies, were pricing themselves out of the market, as one club or concert hall started bidding against the others.

Besides the then-faltering Scenic Sounds, there were only four clubs that seemed to provide any constancy—the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach, the Troubadour, the Ash Grove and the Whisky. All others had collapsed or been hassled to death and even the Whisky had been forced by the city's guardians of morality to post a NO DANCING sign.

Southside Fuzz Volunteer for Duty

CHICAGO—Four cops from a Chicago suburb have formed their own rock and roll band in an effort to show that they're as hep as anybody.

The Southside Fuzz first appeared on March 29th, performing "Mony, Mony" before an audience of 2,000. This showed, according to the public relations consultant engaged by the Worth Police Department, that "teens have something in common with the police."

The whole thing began as a public relations number in the first place and the Southside Fuzz are the four who volunteered for the gig. "Don't expect much," said Sgt. Charles Walsh. "We aren't even amateurs." The lead singer is 37 and has five kids.

TV cameras were there at the Worth community dance, where the Fuzz performed in full uniform in front of a rock band called the Dontays—which is managed by the Worth P.D.'s public relations consultant, conveniently enough—and critical opinion was mixed.

Despite numerous requests to play Midwestern clubs and ballrooms, the Southside Fuzz feel they have made their point and plan to disband soon. Police work must come first, after all.

accept their material orientation and get out of the way while they attract and build an enduring situation of visible security which they do better than anyone else. Then, when they have done that, the highly evolved Taurians continue to build on into the invisible, this being also an intuitive and a psychic sign. Many are (at least potentially) clairaudient, that is their hearing is not restricted by time or space.

Love and beauty are the keywords of Venus, the planet which rules Taurus and Libra. Through these two signs are born some of the most beautiful and loving of people. They do exceptionally well as members of enduring teams of partnerships where they provide a sort of launching platform, a center of dependability, a familiar form.

Major changes of situation are not necessarily unhealthy for them (perhaps they need to learn) but such interruptions as change of residence, mate or occupation are quite numbing. Some part of the person seems to close up and shut down while the change goes through its process. There is no inclination to relax until everything becomes familiar and consistent again. It is when the environment has mellowed into an old friend that the beauty and great strength of Taurus really reveal themselves.

Some Taurians feel responsible for the body of the Planet Earth itself, a stewardship of the land. They work out this responsibility in the real-estate business of matching people and their activities with the land as pieces of property. Others work in closer touch as farmers, cattlemen or gardeners.

Although Taurus is a most practical sign according to the logic of the Zodiac, there is a certain field of practical information and phenomena which is often, or even usually, overlooked by the second sign. This field is, of course, the occult. A Taurus incarnation is not for the purpose of esoteric scholarship. So let's not push it at them.

They are learning to see the "glory of the sky" through the "beauty of the earth." They are "lifting up their eyes unto the hills." They are not only beautifying but also building. In some way, especially with the Sun in Taurus or with Taurus rising at birth, they are here to accomplish the marriage of form and function. The result is practical and a pleasure as well.

The Sign of the Bull is often the sign of a healer, a healer by touch. This is one whose inner harmony is clear enough and strong enough to act as a quiet example of order (which is health) from one body to another, usually through the palm of the hand.

Of the half-dozen similar versions of the traditional Tarot cards usually seen today, all show much Taurus in the fifth Major Card called the Hierophant, as well as the King of Pentacles and systematically the 5, 6, 7 of Pentacles of the Minor Cards.

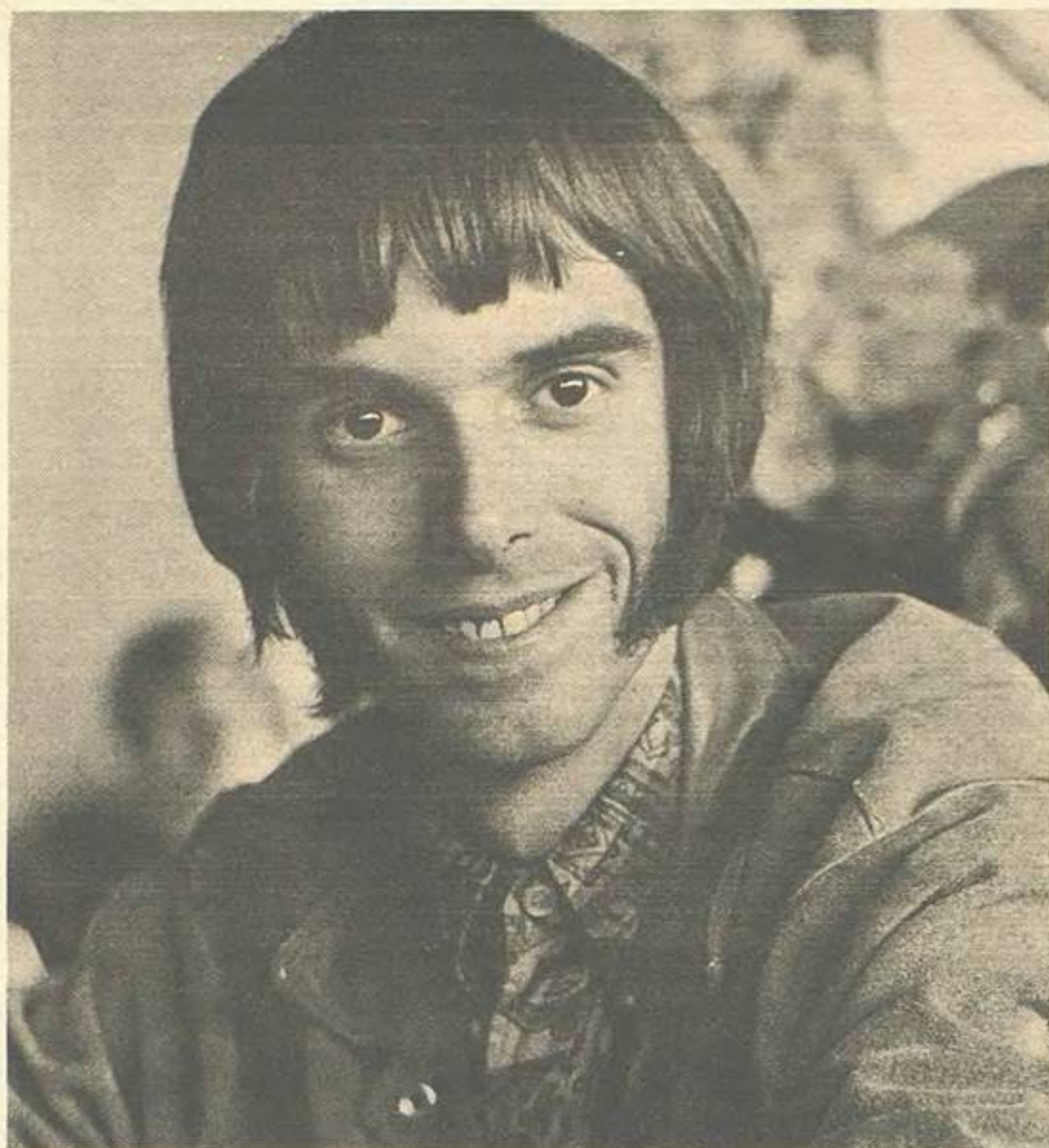
Red-orange, D-flat, the sense of hearing, copper, and a certain kind of obedience; all are related to Taurus in a very high way, perhaps a sacred way. The Hierophant has been called Revealer of Sacred Things.



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGSWORTH

The pillars of creation are the Fixed Signs, and of them Taurus is the most down into earth. Taurian people understand and appreciate the divine grace of that which lasts. "Upon this rock will I build my church." Peter the rock is a Taurian image, the firm foundation upon which can be built a vehicle of the soul. Taurus represents the first of the four pillars, the one which must hold while the others are being set in place.

Uncertainty is unhealthy for Taurians and insecurity delays their growth. The rest of us can help by providing as much stability as we naturally can as a medium for them to work in. We can



Nicky Hopkins

Nicky Hopkins — 'Session Man'

BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK—Despite the current weekly personnel changes in the Jeff Beck Group, pianist Nicky Hopkins, erstwhile legendary and stationary session man, now seems content and able to cope with the hard-traveling life of today's rock and roll musician.

This was not always the case. In 1963, Hopkins, who recently played with the Rolling Stones on *Beggars Banquet* and with the Beatles on "Revolution," was hospitalized for over a year and a half because of the physical pressures of belonging to a group—in this case, one led by Cyril Davies.

"I sort of crashed up for a bit," claims Hopkins. "I was laid out. I just cracked up inside. It wasn't a mental thing; it was a physical thing, which was why I had to take it easy when I got out. It wasn't on for me to be with a group then."

"I just stayed home. Then, somebody phoned and asked me to do a session. I said I would, and that's when the whole session thing started."

The "whole session thing," which lasted from 1965 until October 1968 when he joined the Beck band, made Hopkins something of an international figure without the usual trappings that go with such a reputation.

Although Ray Davies of the Kinks immortalized him on *Face to Face* in a song called "Session Man," no one in America knew much about him or even what he looked like: he was simply a brilliant sideman who did studio work with the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Who, the Kinks, and practically every other major British group.

During much of this time, Hopkins, who had thrown off his earlier classical training by leaving the Royal Academy of Music at 16, wanted vaguely to get back into the group life because he could see a lot of interesting things happening there. But his session schedule kept building up, and he kept doing them.

"They never stopped building up," he remembers. "The last 12 months before Jeff were chaotic. I worked from 10 in the morning until 10 at night—and then all night with the Stones. This went on week after week."

Finally, it got to be too much. When Beck called him to ask him his advice on a permanent pianist for the band, Hopkins himself accepted the job, much to the surprise of an English pop world which had assumed, because of the 1963 crack-up, that he'd never join a group again.

"It just seemed right for me to do it," he says. "I was very glad to get out of the studios and back into the traveling. I don't like to stay in one place."

"I just couldn't stand the session scene any more. It was a drag. People wrote

the most atrocious rubbish that didn't mean anything. I didn't need that kind of work any more. Because of the experience, though, I'm not sorry that I did it."

Life with Beck has been hectic, too—especially recently. Hopkins laughs when he thinks about the confusion of the last two months. Tony Newman, a new drummer was added, and Ron Wood, the bassist, was fired and then rehired, apparently at the urging of vocalist Rod Stewart.

"Rod pushed for getting Ron back in the group," Hopkins recalls, "and it all got a bit too much for Jeff, and he went back to England for a few days. I think he just ran. I didn't actually realize that Jeff was so untethered. As soon as problems come up, he just falls apart."

But the pianist is happy with Beck and hopes for brighter days. Work will begin soon on a second album, and Hopkins, who has just started to write songs, has two instrumentals—one a gospel number—he would like to record.

He is also interested in doing a solo LP. "Right now, I'm just waiting to see what happens," he says. "I'd like to do an album on which I'd just sit around and play what comes out. Some great things can happen that way. Maybe half the record would be like that, and then I'd probably write some things for the rest of it."

The Rolling Stones, old friends and the one group for whom he will continue to do sessions, started work on a new LP just before the current Beck tour, but Hopkins did manage to get in some studio time with them—three evenings, to be exact—and will be on the album.

"They seem to be getting together a bit more now," he comments. "Jimmy Miller is a great producer. He's got the ability to keep them there and keep them at it. I don't think that anybody else could produce their records. He's going along with what they want to do. He doesn't have this ego thing that it's got to be how he wants it."

Hopkins feels that *Beggars Banquet* is a much better album than *Their Satanic Majesties Request*. "I can keep playing *Banquet*," he says, "but not *Request*. It's too freaky. 'The Lantern' and 'She's a Rainbow' are the best cuts on it. My favorite on *Banquet* is 'Salt of the Earth.'"

On working with the Beatles on the 45 rpm version of "Revolution": "It was all right and interesting to do. I couldn't really get involved in it because I didn't really know them. It was just a one-night shot for the one song."

Hopkins seems genuinely happy with his life now, especially with the travel. "I always seem to be in need of a change," he claims. "I've always been like this. Maybe, in a couple of years, I'll have done the group thing. But, at the moment, that's all I want to do, whether it's with Jeff or anybody else."

'Oh Happy Day': A Pop Godsend

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—By one of those peculiar quirks of fate, a gospel tune recorded in a church on an old two-track stereo tape machine has become the pop sensation of the year.

The song is "Oh Happy Day," a traditional gospel number performed by a 46-piece ensemble called the Northern California State Youth Choir as part of an album, *Let Us Go Into the House of the Lord*.

Latest market reports indicate heavy nationwide sales for both the single and the LP. "Oh Happy Day" was the most requested tune on every rock station in Los Angeles last week; it has hit the top ten in San Francisco; the influential Bill Drake stations around the country are airing it, and first orders for the records, being distributed through Buddah, were for 250,000 albums and 350,000 singles.

Like no other song in recent memory, "Oh Happy Day" has transcended all radio "formats." In San Francisco, where the song was first aired, it is being played not only on the Top 30, "progressive rock," and soul stations, but on the Bay Area's middle-of-the road and jazz outlets as well.

All this for a package that came out of a two-and-a-half-hour session at Berkeley's Ephesian Church of God in Christ last June.

At that time, choir director, pianist, and music arranger Edwin R. Hawkins had no idea that his singers were headed for fame and fortune in the top of the pops.

He and co-director Betty Watson assembled the choir in mid-1967 to be a traveling musical representative of the Church of God in Christ, a national religious organization.

On that day last June, he was rushing to get an album together so that the choir could raise funds for itself by selling the record at the National Youth Congress convention later that month in Cleveland.

So he called in LaMont Bench, proprietor of Century Custom Recording Service from nearby Oakland, chose eight members from the choir's repertoire (all traditionals he'd re-arranged), and left it all in the hands of the Good Lord. Bench's two-track Ampex PR-10, and his hastily-collected bank of Telefunken and Sony mikes.

What came out was a beautifully-mixed and miked package of spiritual soul. The choir is the epitome of "gettin' it together"—it being 46 well-trained, well-directed voices that create a solid wall of sound. A band—piano, organ, percussion, and amplified guitar—adds rarely-needed back-up punch. And featured soloists—like Dorothy Combs Morrison on "Oh Happy Day"—help assure the world that Aretha Franklin is indeed not alone. (All together, you might try and imagine Spector, Gospel, and the Ronettes multiplied by 15.)

Still, Hawkins considered the finished LP no more than another entry into the limited gospel market. The choir sold 600 copies at that Cleveland convention, and everyone was pretty satisfied.

Then in mid-March, John Lingel, rock promotion director at Chatton Distributors in Oakland, was going through some gospel product lying around when he stumbled onto the Hawkins LP, issued on Bench's own Century label. He gave it to Abe "Voco" Kesh at KSAN-FM, who, he says, "immediately flipped," and the rush of phone calls confirmed gospel-fan Lingel's hunch: "Oh Happy Day" was hit material.

Today, although the first level of dust has settled, there's a lot still in the air. Dorothy Morrison, the adept singer of both the high and low leads on "Happy Day," is being boosted—mostly by her husband and would-be-manager Isadore—as a solo gospel act, to be backed by her five Combs Sisters. So far, she is unsigned.

Director/arranger Hawkins, who has since changed the choir's name to "The Edwin Hawkins Singers" (as a separate entity from the Church of God in Christ), hopes to keep Mrs. Morrison among his group.

Meanwhile, Buddah Records has signed the Edwin Hawkins Singers, having given them a \$50,000 advance against royalties on their first product, and the principal figures connected with



Dorothy Combs Morrison

this most unlikely hit are agreed on at least one thing: The record is not being taken as a novelty (as the Singing Nun might have been considered).

"We hope to leave the sincerity of the group behind us wherever we go on concerts," Hawkins says, "and we hope to show the world that gospel can be respected."

Dorothy Morrison, like the other choir members, is a devoted churchgoer, calls the religious song's popular acceptance "a miracle," and KSAN's Alan Stone, the second disc jockey to air "Oh Happy Day," says people are "digging it" "due to the obviousness of the singers' belief and sincerity."

Commercialization complexities aside, "Oh Happy Day" is a joyous thing.



A Complete Movie Of Germany And Japan

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

A few years ago (World War II) I lived in a motel next to a Swift packing plant which is a nice way of saying slaughterhouse.

They killed pigs there, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month until spring became summer and summer became fall, by cutting their throats after which would follow a squealing lament equal to an opera being run through a garbage disposal.

Somehow I thought that killing all those pigs had something to do with winning the war. I guess that was because everything else did.

For the first week or two that we lived in the motel it really bothered me. All that screaming was hard to take, but then I grew used to it and it became like any other sound: a bird singing in a tree or the noon whistle or the radio or trucks driving by or human voices or being called for dinner, etc.

"You can play after dinner!"

Whenever the pigs weren't screaming, the silence sounded as if a machine had broken down.

The Beatles as nature intended.

"Get Back" is the Beatles new single. It's the first Beatles record which is as live as can be, in this electronic age.

There's no electronic watchamacallit.

"Get Back" is a pure spring-time rock number.

On the other side there's an equally live number called "Don't let me down".

Paul's got this to say about Get Back...
"we were sitting in the studio and we made it up out of thin air...we started to write words there and then...
when we finished it, we recorded it at Apple Studios and made it into a song to roller-coast by".

P.S. John adds, It's John playing the fab live guitar solo.

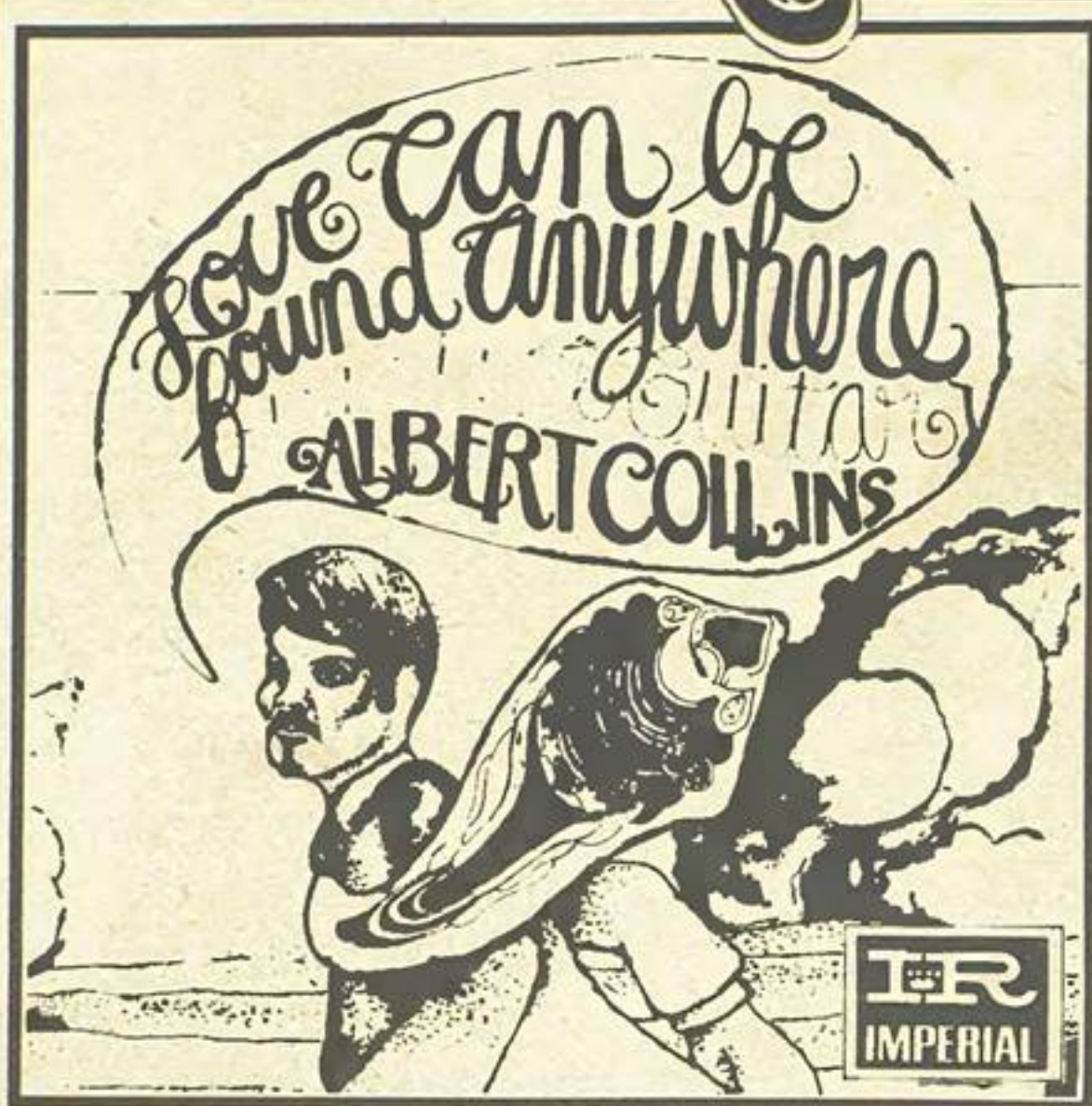
And now John on Don't let me down.
John says don't let me down about "Don't let me down".

In "Get Back" and "Don't let me down", you'll find the Beatles, as nature intended.

Get Back / Don't let me down (Apple 2490)

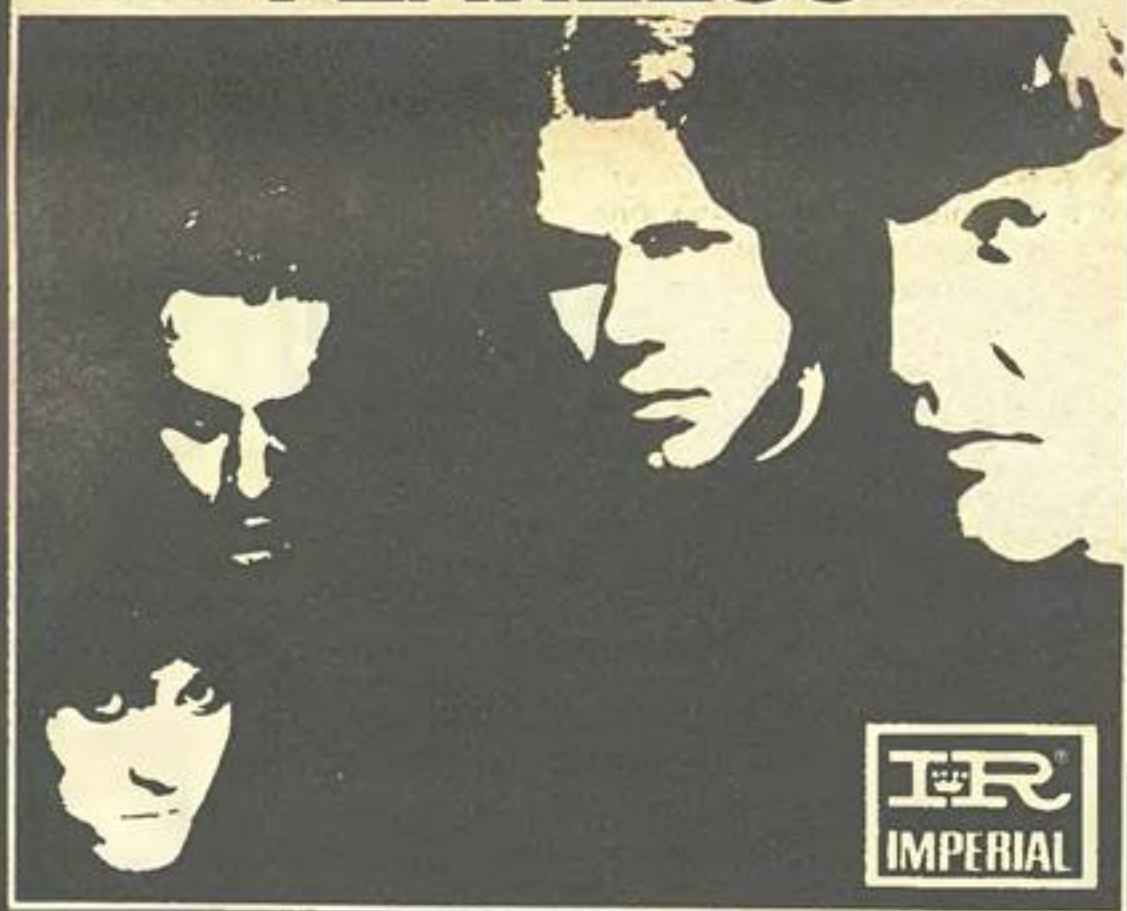
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RECORDS



By STANLEY BOOTH

The Gilded Palace of Sin, The Flying Burrito Bros. (A & M SP 4175).

Gram Parsons, the head Burrito, stares out of the cover photograph of this album wearing a suit made by Nudie of Hollywood, who specializes in the outfits with spangled cactuses and embroidered musical notes worn by such traditional country-western performers as Porter Wagoner and Buck Owens. But Parsons' suit is decorated with green marijuana branches, and there are naked ladies on the lapels.

Wonderful (in the Churchillian sense) as this is, it seems even more of a wonder when you know that Parsons comes from Waycross, Georgia, especially if you happen to know what Waycross, Georgia, is like.

Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records, sitting around his Long Island house one night with Bert Berns, trying to come up with a real down-home song for Wilson Pickett, suggested that they write one about Waycross. "I figured there couldn't be any more down-home place than that," Wexler explained later. "Waycross, Georgia, would have to be the asshole of the world." Waycross, pop. approx. 20,000, is located 60 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, 36 miles from the Florida state line, about 15 minutes via alligator from the Okefenokee Swamp, close to the heart of Wiregrass, Georgia, a territory which may well be the deepest part of the Deep South. Memphis, Birmingham, Atlanta are southern; but they are nothing like Waycross. People around Waycross think of Atlanta the way you and I think of the moon—a place which, though remote, might possibly be visited someday by us or our children.

Wiregrass, the territory which includes Waycross, encompasses nearly 10,000 square miles of pine-and-palmetto forest, grading almost imperceptibly into the Okefenokee, in Seminole the Land of the Trembling Earth. The forest floor, carpeted with sweet-smelling dry brown pine needles, laced with creeks and rivers, becomes more unsteady under your feet, until another step, onto land that looks the same as the place where you are standing, will take you too far, the ground gives way, and you are sucked down into the rich peaty swamp, which, though it supports great pines, will not support you. Many men have walked into the Okefenokee, where even the pretty little plants eat meat, never

to be heard from again. Finally there is more water than land, and the huge cypresses towering overhead, wild grey tresses of Spanish moss in their branches stirring in the wind, form the walls of corridors through the brown water, which is clear in the hand and good to drink.

The people of Wiregrass, dealers in, among other things, pine trees, tobacco, peanuts, sugar cane, moonshine whisky, trucks, tractors, new and used cars, Bibles, groceries, dry goods and hardware; in isolate farms on swamp islands; in turpentine camps deep in the woods, like Dickerson's Crossing, Mexico, the Eight-mile Still; in unincorporated settlements like Sandy Bottom, Headlight, Thelma; in towns like Blackshear, Folkston, Waycross; from banker to bootlegger, all share two curses: hard work and Jesus. Wiregrass must be one of the last places in the world where the Puritan ethic still obtains, making an almost unrelievedly strenuous way of life even more grim. Before smoking tobacco was known to be a health hazard, it was frowned upon by many people there, simply because it gives pleasure. Although Waycross has the Okefenokee Regional Library and once had a world movie premiere (a swamp picture called *Lure of the Wilderness*, starring Walter Brennan), Culture exists there only in the anthropological sense. The social life of the community has two centers, with, in general, mutually exclusive clientele: churches and roadhouses. There are violence, illicit sex, drunkenness—in a word, sin—in south Georgia, but they have not become behavioral standards. The ideal still is to be a hard-working, God-fearing, man or woman, boy or girl.

So here we have Gram Parsons, from Waycross, Georgia, with shoulder-length hair, and dope and pussy on his jacket. Parsons' first record, as far as I know, was *Safe at Home* by his earlier group, the International Submarine Band. The album, "a Lee Hazlewood Production, produced by Suzi Jane Hokom," included songs associated with Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, Big Boy Crudup, Elvis Presley, as well as a couple of country classics ("Miller's Cave" and "Satisfied Mind") and four Parsons originals. The music was fairly straight country-western, with piano, base, drums, rhythm, lead, and steel guitars. It was an honest, pleasant, but not a strongly exciting album.

Next, Parsons joined the Byrds, staying with them long enough to make *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, the country album recorded in Nashville, which, though not a complete success, was one of the best records of the last year. Parsons left the Byrds, refusing to appear before segregated audiences in South Africa, and with Chris Hillman, another ex-Byrd, formed the Flying Burrito Bros.

The Burritos' first album, with roughly the same instrumentation as Parsons' two previous ones, has perhaps less surface charm than *Sweetheart*, but is the best, most personal Parsons has yet done. *The Gilded Palace of Sin*, unlike *Safe at Home* and *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, is about life in the big city, where even a pretty girl, as Parsons warns on the first track, can be a "devil in disguise." "Sin City," the second track, predicts destruction for the city, "filled with sin," where the slickers in their "green mohair suits" advise you to "take it home right away, you've got three years to pay." But, the song cautions, "Satan is waiting his turn":

It seems like this whole town's
insane
On the 31st floor
A gold-painted door
Won't keep out the Lord's burning
rain

The two following songs, "Do-Right Woman" and "Dark End of the Street" by Dan Penn of Memphis, the only ones on the album which Parsons had not hand in writing, are given new depth of meaning by their juxtaposition against what has preceded them. "Do-Right Woman" is especially outstanding; though obviously quite different, it is in no way inferior to the original Aretha Franklin recording. "My Uncle," the last track on side one, does honor to the great tradition, equal to the tradition of Southern war heroism, of hillbilly draft-dodging. It is a delightfully good-humored "protest" in the best, healthiest, most direct and personal sense:

I'm headin' for the nearest foreign
border
Ventura may be just my kind of
town
'Cause I don't need the kind of law
and order
That tends to keep a good man
underground

The second side opens with a return

to a mood like that of "Sin City," except that the emphasis is on how out of place "this boy" feels, very much as in the old gospel song, "This World Is Not My Home." "Wheels" ends with a plea to "take this boy away." In "Juanita," the next song, "an angel . . . just seventeen, with a dirty old gown and a conscience so clean" finds him abandoned and alone "in a cold dirty room . . . with a bottle of wine and some pills off the shelf" and brings back "the life that I once threw away."

"Hot Burrito No. 1," which follows, is perhaps the best song Parsons has yet written, and he has written some very good ones. A rather old-fashioned rock-and-roll song, it might have been recorded in 1956 by the Platters, except for one line, the most effective on the album, "I'm you top—I'm your old boy," which no one but Parsons could sing so movingly. "Hot Burrito No. 2," an up-tempo secular love song, breaks the gospel-honkytonk taboo, which is just as strong as the black blues-in-church taboo, when Parsons sings, "You better love me—Jesus Christ."

The next-to-last song is the only repeat from an earlier Parsons album. "Do You Know How It Feels To Be Lonesome" from, ironically, *Safe at Home*, is the statement of a young man who must feel at home nowhere, not in the big city or in Waycross, Georgia. "Did you ever try to smile at some people," he says, "and all they ever seem to do is stare?"

"Hippie Boy," the final song, an updated version of Red Foley's "Peace in the Valley," is recited by Chris Hillman, possibly because his accent is less contrived than Parsons'. It tells a story with a moral: "It's the same for any hillbilly, bum, or hippie on the street. . . . Never carry more than you can eat." The album's ending somehow summons up a vision of hillbillies and hippies, like lions and lambs, together in peace and love instead of sin and violence, getting stoned together, singing oldtime favorite songs. The album closes with a fine, fractured chorus of "Peace in the Valley," with whistles, shouts, and rattling tambourines.

Perhaps Parsons, coming from the country, feels more deeply than most the strangeness and hostility of the modern world, but he speaks to and for all of us. Gram Parsons is good old boy.



River Deep-Mountain High, Ike and Tina Turner, Phil Spector Productions on A&M Records (SP 417)

Outta Season, Ike and Tina Turner (Blue Thumb Records BTS 5)

Ike and Tina Turner have been packing suitcases and riding buses for years, playing the Sportmen's Clubs and the Showcase Lounges, sometimes making it into the class rooms, occasionally breaking into the middle of the R&B charts, once or twice getting onto Billboard's Hot 100, moving from label to label, options not picked up, not well-known enough to get to black high school kids the way the Impressions and the Temptations do. Ike and Tina have a rock and roll legend to their credit, though: Tina's magnificent performance of Phil Spector's "River Deep-Mountain High" is part of the story of a record that should have been an automatic Number One but never made the charts. Backed up by what sounds like ten thousand Ikettes, challenging and conquering the difficult changes of mood Phil created for the production, Tina outsang Bill Medley and the Crystals and Veronica and put herself on a level with Darlene Love. But it bombed. Phil took out ads reading "Benedict Arnold Was Right!" when the record scored in England, and then he quit the music business and dissolved his record company.

But not even Phil Spector was able to get a first-rate album out of smoldering Tina and poker-faced Ike. While the Spector album, enjoyable and well-produced, is certainly their best, being mainly a reprise of their greatest hits ("Fool In Love" and "It's Gonna Work Out Fine"), R&B standards, and a few big-deal efforts by Phil, only three cuts create the excitement and intensity of the best R&B—the driving, gutty, sly "Make 'Em Wait" (a song about virginity from Tina Turner, if you can believe that), a job on "Everyday I Have To Cry" that brings back all the firecracker explosions of the Crystals, and, of course, "River Deep-Mountain High," which is simply in a class by itself. The power of its emotion might be compared to Dylan's "One Of Us Must Know," but the musical inventions of Spector and Tina's control over her almost anarchic vocal weapons make any comparison pointless. It stands alone.

The rest of the album is a disappointment. Spector's job on "Save the Last Dance for Me" seems to owe more to Elmer Bernstein and the Academy Awards than to Wagner or Verdi; the arrangement is mushy, something fit for the Fifth Dimension. On "A Love Like Yours (Don't Come Knocking Every Day)" Phil does everything right, but the real problems begin to emerge. With some exceptions, Tina is not a very interesting or creative singer, and when they say "don't scream on this one" and then let her take it from there, she hasn't the ability to evoke much emotion—she seems to be straining or falling down flat, as if it all ought to be about three more rungs up the ladder but there's not a chance of getting there.

The numbers produced by Ike (the greatest hits and standards) illustrates this problem even more clearly. Tina is not in a class with Martha Reeves or Carla Thomas or Gladys Knight, and without the kind of direction Spector provides only when he is totally committed to a production (and he has made it clear his commitment comes on singles), Tina rarely demonstrates even the kind of vocal agility of which Dusty Springfield is capable. Tina Turner's performance of "River Deep-Mountain High" is strikingly better than anything the artists mentioned above ever have or ever will achieve, a masterpiece, but perhaps it was for once and then never again, like a cab driver

spending one night with a fare that turned out to be Jeanne Moreau.

The Turners' new album on Blue Thumb is a package that looks great but fails to go anywhere. The cover art—Ike and Tina in whiteface, chomping on watermelon—is a brilliant come-on, with the magnetism Tina projects with her fabulous and dazzling sexiness breaking through even on a gag photo. The material, almost all blues, looks fine—"Honest I Do," "Dust My Broom," "Rock Me Baby," and many other classics. The possibilities for letting Tina loose seem terrific. Maybe so, but it doesn't happen.

All the cuts are done straight, without invention or excitement. The one saving grace is Ike's guitar playing, very tough, melodic, at times almost dazzling, great debt owed to BB King and all that, but in fact a good lesson for young musicians who can't make their instruments speak but who don't want to sound like Blue Cheer either. But that's it. The band sounds tired and bored, as if they've done it all a million times before and just couldn't be bothered.

Only on the opening track, "I've Been Loving You Too Long," does the band really seem to care—a very sparsely illustrated accompaniment following Tina's sustained and convincing vocal, a fine tribute to Otis Redding. The drummer sounds as if he is playing in church. From then on nothing happens in the rhythm section, and Tina is no more interesting than the bass guitar. Most of the cuts are too short for Tina or the band to get into, and they don't bother. The fade-outs are pointlessly timed and abrupt, jarring whatever feeling might have been about to develop.

"Reconsider Baby" is done with an easy, rolling beat that is totally inappropriate to the spirit of the song, which is more or less equivalent to Dylan's description of "Don't Think Twice": "It isn't a love song, it's a statement you can say to make yourself feel better." That's to say the song should have an edge on it, a hardness; here there is a smoothness to the music and to Tina's uninvolved vocal that makes the cut a throw-away instead of a triumph. It just passes by as the record winds its way to the end of the side, nothing there at all. The only cut that breaks up the monotony is Ike's instrumental, "Grumbling," which is the sort of thing that is put out on a B-side, to be revealed years later by John Lennon as something everyone should be ashamed of missing. But we will miss it—the album provides little reason to get to it.

GREIL MARCUS



Songs from a Room, Leonard Cohen (Columbia CS 9767)

Well, it looks like Leonard Cohen's second try won't have them dancing in the streets either. It doesn't take a great deal of listening to realize that Cohen can't sing, period. And yet, the record grows on you, and if you give it a chance, it has something to offer. But you can hardly be blamed if you aren't willing to take the time.

The first thing that has to be withstood is his voice. It's monotonous in a literal sense of the word. He seems to be sort of dragging one tone slightly up and down the chromatic scale. His voice almost never has an edge to it; it just remains where it is. Probably this is just as well. He knows his limits. Just why he wants us to know them is another question. In our cases, it presents a formidable barrier to the understanding of his poetry, rather than being an unobstructive vehicle for it.

Maybe that, too, is just as well. On paper, Leonard Cohen's poetry is cleanly worded, youthfully direct, and, as George Orwell once said, when writing of "good" bad poetry, "a graceful monument to the obvious." It is also remarkably salable. Recorded, it's none of these, except, maybe the last.

His poems become muddled in his singing and lost in his intonation. When he does come through with clarity, as in "Story of Isaac," he is matter of fact to the point of being dull. When he's not being matter of fact, but rather obscure, as he is in "A Bunch of Lonesome Heroes," he's just irritating. Other singer-poets are obscure, but generally the feeling comes through that an attempt is being made to reach to a heart of meaning. But Cohen sings with such lack of energy that it's pretty easy to conclude that if he's not going to get worked up about it, why should we.

But something else does evolve on the far side of these stumbling blocks. It is a sound portrait of a man and of mood. A picture of Leonard Cohen: a terribly poetic, sensitive person who is depressed and depressing and who is capable of a great deal of honesty. His poetry, which might be considered sophomoric, becomes more serious when you realize that the man is pouring out his life before you. It becomes a somewhat painful thing to hear.

And this portrait is drawn, not so much by the songs themselves as by Bob Johnston's production around them. The backup and arrangements, while they occasionally underscore Cohen's weakness as a singer, are superb at creating mood. The predominant mood is one of nostalgia and a rather wistful tenderness. And to someone who can relate to this sort of mood, the album would be appreciated.

But, if you're looking for more than a portrait of moody Leonard Cohen, and in search of more substantial music, then pass this by. ALEC DUBRO



The Natch'l Blues, Taj Mahal (Columbia CS 9698)

Taj Mahal may not be the most authentic, the most technically proficient, or the most emotionally cathartic practitioner of the blues today, but he certainly is one of the most enjoyable and entertaining performers around. He's a quiet, soft-spoken man who enjoys fishing and building model airplanes and being a vegetarian. And his records are a solid joy to listen to.

The songs he plays are mostly blues standards—"Statesboro Blues," "E Z Rider," "Dust My Broom"—and it is a measure of his amazing musicianship that he is able to make them come off absolutely fresh and vital. His band is superb. Jesse Edwin Davis, the lead guitar player, is easily one of the best blues guitarists around. (Incidentally, he's an American Indian; you blues purists out there toy with that for awhile!) His sound is pure and fluid and the lines he plays are wonderfully natural and unlabored. Gary Gillmore and Chuck Blackwell, base and drums, are both ex-country musicians and are also excellent.

It's no surprise that Taj's second album is called *The Natch'l Blues*, because the music seems to be an extension of the band's life-style. I have seen Gary Gillmore peel an orange with the same infinite care that the band puts into their music. When someone asked him a question he seemed to put an imaginary bookmark in the orange, answer the question slowly and carefully, and then go back into the orange.

The key to the music is given in the liner notes to the first album: "You gotta get it right there in the first few bars." The first few bars really do have a way of hooking you, and before you realize it, you're involved with the song, jumping around and grooving with the music. What makes it all so easy is that Taj Mahal is an extremely engaging vocalist whose appeal is direct and immediate; he's one of the few people you can actually hear smiling.

Of the two albums he's put out, the first is probably the better by a nose.

The band personnel changes a bit from cut to cut, with Davis the only consistent member of each group, but it hardly shows. The second album is slightly marred by an attempt at "You Don't Miss Your Water," a song that isn't too well suited to Taj's voice. The use of brass on this cut and the next is tastefully handled, but for no other reasons than personal taste I prefer the cuts with the band, all of which are excellent. Do yourself a favor and pick up on Taj Mahal, if you haven't already.

EDMUND O. WARD



Time Peace, The Rascals (Atlantic SD 8190)

The Rascals should probably be considered one of the best white hard rock bands recording in the rhythm and blues idiom; after all, vocalist Felix Cavaliere not only has an honest full voice, but with Eddie Brigati he has also penned some minor rhythm and blues classics, "Groovin'" in particular. In spite of this fact critical attention recently has tended to ignore the Rascals, and not entirely without justification. *Time Peace*, a collection of the Rascals' "greatest hits" offers an opportunity to review in retrospect just exactly what the Rascals have contributed to rock music.

From the outset the Rascals, like most rhythm and blues performers, have built their art within the confines of the commercial single. Their early work arises out of a definite white hard rock tradition, and these initial recordings, especially when considered in the context of the Righteous Brothers, the Kingsmen, and the early Paul Revere and the Raiders, still sound significantly better than most white rhythm and blues efforts of the era.

The instrumentation on the early tracks is the standard white hard rock one: guitar, bass, organ and drums. Since, none of the Rascals is an outstanding instrumentalist, most of their charts stay pretty close to the bare essentials of rhythm and blues conventions: there is no trace of the virtuosity of Booker T. and the M. G.'s here. In "I Ain't Gonna Eat My Heart," the first "Young" Rascals single, Eddie Brigati adopts a rather fey tough-guy stance in his vocal and somehow almost makes it work; although the instrumental break is elementary, and the whole song plods through its changes, the result sounded quite tolerable on the AM airwaves of late 1965.

The group's second single, "Good Lovin'," introduced Cavaliere as lead singer; his voice has more range and depth than Brigati's, and on "Good Lovin'" he uses it to fine effect. Cavaliere is no Stevie Winwood, but in many ways he is closer to the spirit of rhythm and blues than Winwood; like Winwood, his phrasing and vocal quality distinguish him, among white rhythm and blues singers. The several efforts by the Rascals immediately succeeding "Good Lovin'" were all more or less stylistically akin: the early Rascal originals were credible genre pieces, but little more. The listener feels keenly the unimaginative rhythm work that is the curse of so many white rhythm and blues bands; the Rascals employ few of the little syncopations and rhythmic off-accent that are generally one of the main factors in gracefully forcing the heavy rhythm and blues rhythm to swing.

These faults are most glaring in the two Rascals' interpretations of the rhythm and blues classics "Mustang Sally" and "Midnight Hour." Neither is in any way comparable to the Wilson Pickett versions, and both serve as case studies in the weaknesses of white rhythm and blues: both tracks, but particularly "Mustang Sally," suffer from the absence of horns; on both tracks guitarist Gene Cornish suffers in comparison with either Steve Cropper or Jimmy Johnson; on both tracks Dino Danelli's drumming suffers from monotonous

ony, hardly a problem with either Al Jackson or Roger Hawkins. Nevertheless a song like "Love Is a Beautiful Thing" shows that the Rascals were in the process of evolving an original rhythm and blues style, not an inconsiderable achievement.

"Groovin'" opened up a new phase for the Rascals. The instrumentation, which before that time had been crying out for expansion, was augmented; the Rascals began to settle into a relaxed, unselfconscious rhythm and blues groove that was unique in a white hard rock group; and, most importantly, the group recorded some beautiful rock tracks. "Groovin'," to begin with, is a classic Cavaliere-Brigati composition, a simple, unassuming yet appealing bit of rock magic. The production work attains a new high for the Rascals—even the sound effects of birds that open the track are tastefully mixed. There are effective (if unobtrusive) overdubs of piano and organ (and piano and piano), as well as some appropriate fills on a vibraharp. The rhythm section of bongoes and tambourine enhances the easy-going aura of the record, an aura and mood so perfectly sustained that the original Rascals' version is quite capable of standing on its own merits next to Aretha Franklin's more complex reading and arrangement of the song.

"A Girl Like You" is also representative of the Rascals at their best. The original composition is set off by a nice loping figure for horns that imparts a jazz flavor to the track, while Cavaliere sings beautifully throughout, especially in the opening section of the song. By this record Cavaliere had developed an appealing unforced quality to his singing, and even the back-up vocal work had acquired a distinctive rhythm and blues character.

Of course, the later Rascals are not without their faults, since they are capable of both the pretentious (a disaster in their case) as well as the cloyingly sentimental. For instance, Brigati's rather strained vocal effort on "How Can I Be Sure" is splendidly set off by violins, accordion and horn, but the song hangs suspended over a syrupy abyss. If this song doesn't fall into its self-set trap, "It's Wonderful" does, with devastating results—apparently "It's Wonderful" represents the Rascals' fling with psychedelia. Unfortunately, the echoed interjections refuse to let the song alone, standing as a signal instance of tasteless tape work.

The last song on *Time Peace*, "It's a Beautiful Morning," represents the recent Rascals performing one of their own songs in a typical vein. The group is together, the production work is tasteful, and the arrangement achieves a pleasing textural fullness; the vocal group work is superior, and Cavaliere's singing, as usual, leaves little to be desired. If some of the old faults persist, the Rascals here, as elsewhere in their recorded output, prove that they have evolved a distinctive and not unappealing approach to the rhythm and blues idiom. They may not be consistent, but the Rascals' undeniable mastery of their chosen craft not only makes their best work excellent, but also makes *Time Peace* a collection of tracks well worth listening to.

JIM MILLER

MARY HOPKIN



POST CARD

Postcard, Mary Hopkin (Apple ST 3351)

Postcard is as much Paul McCartney's as it is Mary Hopkin's, which is to say that it is one of those albums on which the producer is as big a star as the performer. Mary's voice, a smooth vanilla soprano, isn't going to win an M.B.E. for its flexibility (she seems to lack the inclination or technique to express different feelings through different vocal nuances, and winds up sounding like a hybrid of mechanical Joan Baezes and Marianne Faithfull), and, under a less imaginative producer than Paul, might have come up with a dull and ho-

mogeneous album rather than the ambitious exploration of the Pop medium we've been given.

Postcard opens with Mr. Leitch's "Lord of the Reedy River," a quietly gloomy fairy tale. So successful is Mary at communicating that particular Donovan-esque mood of surreal medieval darkness that her version of this song entitles her to a place at the table of the very best interpreters of Donovan. The most notable thing about the second cut, "Happiness Runs," is that it completely evaporates the pall created by the preceding cut and belatedly sets the general mood of the album.

A third Donovan song, "Voyage to the Moon," is ponderous and over-long (as Donovan tunes are wont to be when their writer's obsession with stylizing the medieval courting-song gets the best of him), and the homogeneity of Mary's delivery doesn't make for a very exciting cut. Ethnic balladry is represented by "Y Blodyn Gwyn" (which is Welsh and sounds like a hymn), "Prince en Avignon" (the background of which is dominated by loud drums for reasons I can't quite determine), and the Caribbean-flavored "Honeymoon Song." Nilsson (with a Shirley Temple cuteness number, "The Puppy Song") and George Martin (with a popper, "The Game") are also at the party.

But my personal favorites are those revived late-Forties-type numbers that Paul has gloriously overdone in the tradition of Ringo's "Good Night." An orchestra that sounds like it just finished the soundtrack for one of those very maudlin Dick Powell Depression romance films is the real star of "Love Is the Sweetest Thing." "Young Love," the Pat Boone oldie, features a nice muted electric guitar and background singing. "Those Were the Days" is, of course, a knock-out (particularly the banjo, little kids' chorus, and Mary's pose as a dowdy and discarded old pub lady), and what better ending could such a program have than Irving Berlin's "Show Business" ("there's no business like . . .")? Paul should win some sort of award for his choice of what Mary would sing and for what he has happening behind her singing.

An absolute must for Paul McCartney people. Mary Hopkin fans will also like it.

JOHN MENDELSON



The Velvet Underground, Velvet Underground (MGM SE-4617).

The Velvet Underground are alive and well (which in itself may surprise some people) and ever-changing. How do you define a group like this, who moved from "Heroin" to "Jesus" in two short years? It is not enough to say that they have one of the broadest ranges of any group extant; this should be apparent to anyone who has listened closely to their three albums. The real question is what this music is about—smack, meth, deviate sex and drugdreams, or something deeper?

Their spiritual odyssey ranges from an early blast of sadomasochistic self-loathing called "I'm So Fucked Up," through the furious nihilism of "Heroin" and the metaphysical quest implied in the words "I'm searching for my mainline," to this album, which combines almost overpowering musical lyricism with deeply yearning, compassionate lyrics to let us all know that they are finally "Beginning to See the Light."

Can this be that same bunch of junkie-faggot-sadomasochist-speed-freaks who roared their anger and their pain in storms of screaming feedback and words spat out like strings of epithets? Yes. Yes, it can, and this is perhaps the most important lesson the Velvet Underground: the power of the human soul to transcend its darker levels.

The songs on this album are about equally divided between the subjects of love and freedom. So many of them are

about love, in fact, that one wonders if Lou Reed, the malevolent Burroughsian Death Dwarf who had previously never written a complimentary song about anybody, has not himself fallen in love. The opening song, "Candy Says," is about a young girl who would like to "know completely what the others so discreetly talk about." The fact that this and about half the other tracks on the album are ballads marks another radical departure for the Velvet. The next track is a deep throbbing thing in which he chides perhaps the same girl for her confusion with a great chorus: "Lady be good/Do what you should/You know it'll be alright." John Cale's organ work on this track is stark and spare and, as usual, brilliant—this time as much for what he leaves out as what he puts in.

Then there is "Some Kinda Love," a grooving Latin thing, somewhat like Donovan but much more earthy, and with words that will kill you: "Put the jelly on your shoulder/Let us do what you feel most/That from which you recoil/Uh still makes your eyes moist."

Perhaps the greatest surprise here is "Jesus," a prayer no less. The yearning for the state of grace reflected their culminates in "I'm Set Free," a joyous hymn of liberation. The Velvet never seemed so beautifully close to the Byrds before.

The album is unfortunately not without its weak tracks though. "The Murder Mystery" is an eight minute exercise in aural overload that annoys after a few listenings, and "Pale Blue Eyes" is a folksy ballad that never really gets off the ground either musically or lyrically. On the whole I didn't feel that this album matched up to *White Light/White Heat*, but it will still go a long way toward convincing the unbelievers that the Velvet Underground can write and play any kind of music they want to with equal brilliance.

LESTER BANGS



Ornette at 12, Ornette Coleman (Impulse AS-9178)

What will become of the children of a generation of rebels? Hopefully, Ornette Coleman's new album gives us a clue.

On the cover we find a beautiful portrait of the rebel and his son. Ornette, leader of the successful revolt of the late Fifties against the entrenched jazz conventions of four decades, leans against a fence gazing at his twelve-year-old offspring, Ornette Denardo Coleman. Denardo, hair piled in an audacious three-inch natural and wearing a crimson suit, stares past his father into the distance. Both wear broad and mysterious smiles. One is not certain which of the cats has eaten the canary, but the suspicion is that somehow they've been able to share it.

This is Ornette's second album with Denardo. Like the first its format is potentially the worst of all possible drags. "Hey, you want to hear my kid play the drums?" But it isn't like that. The record and Denardo's drumming are a pure delight. With the truly exceptional sidemen Charlie Hayden and Dewey Redman adding to the enterprise, Coleman and son offer four new compositions which combine excitement and a rare musical subtlety.

The principle of Denardo's musical education under Ornette's direction is a simple one. If you want to teach authentic free form jazz, for God's sake don't impose the old forms in the first place. Six years ago Ornette gave the boy a set of drums and let him play. No fancy techniques laboriously copied from Max Roach. No burdensome rules of rhythmic structure inherited from past masters. The only limits are those set by the spirit of the songs and the natural requirements of ensemble playing. As Coleman observes in the liner notes, "Ornette Denardo is hard to keep up with if you don't tell him what to

do." The result is a fascinating style much like that of Elvin Jones, but more indeterminate, innocent and exuberant. Taking his cues from bassist Hayden, Denardo beats under, over and around the musical statements of the soloists. As rhythmic background, it fits Ornette's music perfectly.

Along with his other recent album, *New York Is Now!* (Blue Note BST 84287), this recording gives evidence of Coleman's effort to salvage the element of melody from the all-too-often destructive forces of New Thing jazz. Particularly on "C.O.D." and "New York" his gift as a melodist shines through. While never losing the essence of the free form style, he selects tones and patterns which create the impression of song. On all three of his instruments—alto sax, trumpet and violin—Ornette is able to demonstrate that he has created a "music" rather than a mere technique.

This album is important. It shows what can happen after a successful revolution. Ornette fought the symbols of law, order and authority in jazz and won. His victory now means not only an increased musical freedom for his contemporaries, but also the liberation of his son. Denardo is free to play and, in a more important sense, simply free to be. In the new world which his father presents to him there is no longer any distinction between the living of a free life and the playing of a new music. As one listens to Ornette and Denardo performing together on this record, it becomes clear that the freedom which followed from Ornette's rebellion has brought with it a magnificent boon—the affection of two generations for each other.

LANGDON WINNER



Mendocino, the Sir Douglas Quintet (Smash SRS-67115).

The Sir Douglas Quintet is back, thanking all their beautiful friends everywhere for all the beautiful vibrations, the voice at the beginning of the album says while the band comps in the background. Then they launch into their recent hit, "Mendocino." The lyrics are printed there on the back of the record jacket. Please don't look at them. They're not very good. But if you hear the song twice, you'll be humming it and it'll make you feel good.

That's the thing about this album. Despite its many faults, it makes you listen to it. It's poorly recorded, sloppily produced (dig the fade on "If You Really Want Me To I'll Go"), and could hardly be called innovative, but it's the kind of album you keep coming back to. It has something that very few albums I've heard recently have got—atmosphere.

Although I have never heard the Quintet live, I would imagine that this is the kind of set that they would play at the Fillmore or out in a park somewhere. Very natural, relaxed, eminently dancetale and hummable. Unpretentious—the musicians banter back and forth ("Hey, boy, where'd you learn that freaky git-tar playin'?"), they dared to call a song "Lawd I'm Just a Country Boy in This Great Big Freaky City" (it works), and included an updated "She's About a Mover." Look at Doug Sahn smiling there on the back of the album. He knows something that a lot of lesser folk should learn, and I'll be happy to keep picking up on what he puts out as long as he promises to do a little better by it in the studio.

EDMUND O. WARD

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Random Notes

—Continued from Page 4

tee has always, since its founding six years ago, performed at benefits and rallies and teach-ins for anti-draft, anti-Vietnam, pro-liberation, pro-peace, and best of all, they're genuinely funny cats.

Short takes: The Beach Boys just did a Johnny Cash on April 13th, playing the Oklahoma State Pen . . . The Rio Film Festival bestowed a special citation on Arthur C. Clarke, author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*—the Black Monolith Award.

Lana Turner and George Chakiris star in a film (just released) called *The Big Cube* (!), in which Chakiris, a medical student who deals in LSD, is responsible for the freakout and death of a beachbum. Chakiris and Karin Mossberg also give Lana (her stepmother) some acid in an attempt to drive her mad so they can get their hands on Karin's inheritance. When Land is freaking, stepdaughter calls in Richard Egan to help pull her back to sanity. Chakiris becomes the victim of his own depraved ways, hits the skids and dies of an overdose of acid. Beautiful. Watch for it.

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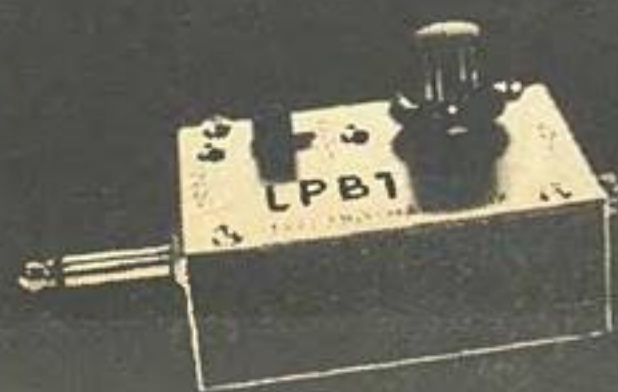
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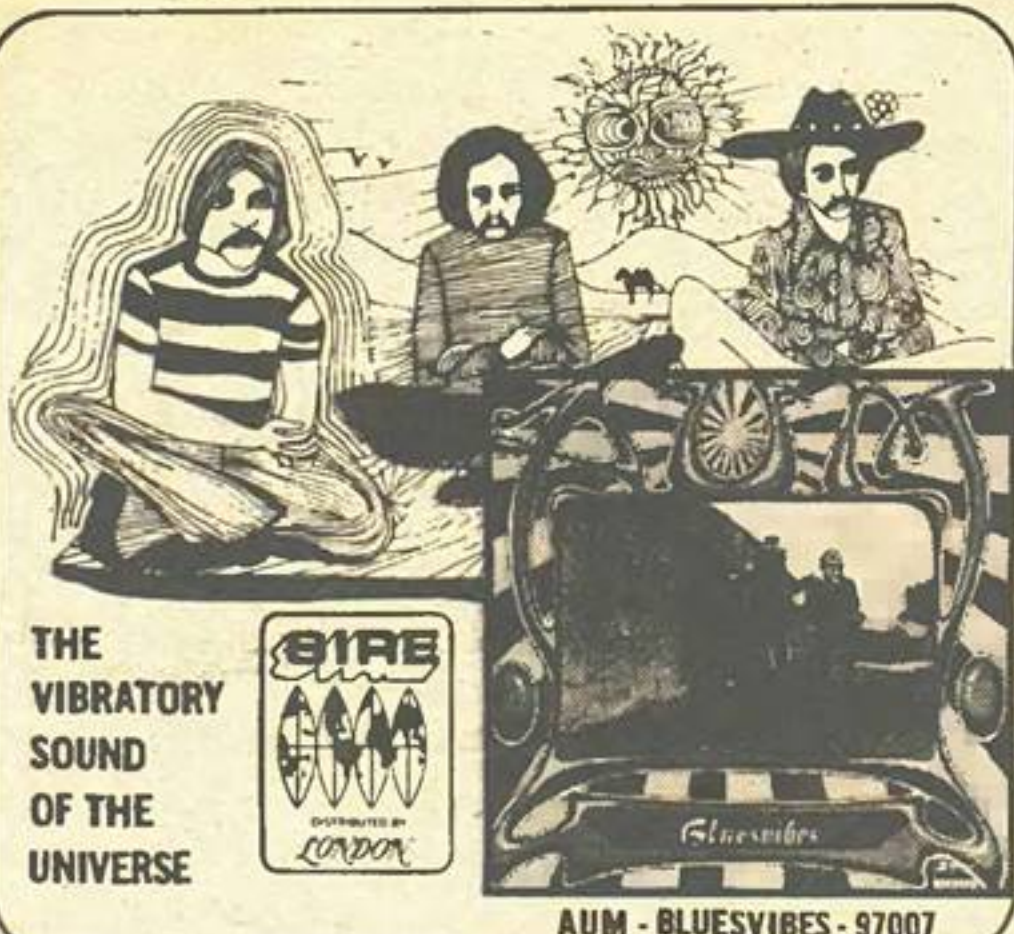
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